

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

An Excursion through the United States and Canada. By an ENGLISH GENTLEMAN. 8vo. pp. 513. London, 1824.

WE have been gratified in no small degree by this work, though for a reason which will probably obtain for it but little favour among that class of patriots and politicians, who view with an eye of jealousy the rapid progress and improvement of our American brethren, and receive every favourable account respecting them with more suspicion than good will. There has certainly been much misrepresentation and delusion with regard to America; for travellers have generally viewed things not as they are, but through the medium of their own prejudices and preconceptions. Some have been disappointed because they have discovered that industry and exertion, prudence and propriety, are necessary even there; others have been disgusted because they have not found all those elegancies and luxuries, and that polish of manners, to which they had been accustomed on this side the Atlantic. Those have been dissatisfied at not meeting with the primeval innocence of poetry, these with the follies and dissipations of ultra refinement. The present writer, a man of candour as well as of intelligence and information, has presented us with a fair, and, we rejoice to say, a favourable picture of the United States, their government and institutions; and it must be truly gratifying to the philanthropist, to find that the utmost political freedom is perfectly compatible with civil subordination and tranquillity, and that morality and religion can flourish without the aid of an exclusive church establishment and penal statutes. In two excellent chapters on the government and laws, the author has combated many prejudices of honest John Bull. To many Englishmen, indeed, the very name of republic has an odious sound; it being associated in their minds either with the period of our own commonwealth, or with the lawless and tyrannic self-styled republic of France. For the benefit of such well-disposed persons, we extract the following passage, to convince them, that however similar in name, the American republic is not such a terrible monster as their imaginations paint it:—

‘We constantly hear it affirmed in Europe, and particularly when the conversation turns upon the subject of the United States, that no republic has ever yet exist-

ed, and that none will ever be able to exist, for any length of time. In order to support this assertion, the ancient republics of Greece and Rome, and the more modern ones of Italy and Holland, are quoted as examples; and it follows as a natural deduction that monarchy, either limited or absolute, is the only sort of government that can or ought to exist.

‘Now, in the first place, I beg leave to observe, that if the duration of a government be taken as a proof of its excellence, we should do well to adopt the paternal despotism of the celestial empire of China. But, however that may be, I may remind the lovers of antiquity, that the republic of the United States has already lasted, without any material alteration, for half a century; and as every government may be considered stable, when the mass of the people is in the full enjoyment of liberty, and when all those have perished who recollected a different one, the United States may bid defiance to those friends of “Social order” who would rejoice in seeing the country swimming in blood, if it would but tend to establish a tyranny like their own.

‘In the next place I must observe, that there never yet has been a republic similar to that of the United States. I talk not of names, but of things. The government of Great Britain is called a monarchy, and so is that of Morocco; but I presume no one will be so disloyal a subject, as to compare the mild sway of his Britannic Majesty to the cruel tyranny of the Moorish emperor. Yet I am disposed to maintain, that there is as much resemblance between these two most opposite governments, as between the republic of the United States and any of those of ancient or modern times. I shall, therefore, now say a few words about these self-styled republics; and I hope the reader will pardon the length of the digression when he considers the importance of the subject.

‘I begin with Athens, that most ungrateful and capricious of states. But shall a turbulent and factious democracy, composed of the most heterogeneous elements, and liable to commit whatever atrocious action might be advised by a corrupt orator, be compared to the steady and regular administration of a representative government? It is amusing indeed to consider, that these Athenians, the inhabitants of a territory which absolutely vanishes as compared to the United States, apparently considered themselves as the greatest of nations, and were constantly involved in wars, by inattention to their own affairs, and an absurd

desire of regulating those of their neighbours.

‘Yet the Athenians had certainly better pretensions to the noble title of republicans than their barbarous rivals of Sparta. The laws of Lycurgus, which it has been the fashion to admire, were only adapted to keep the people in ignorance and to prevent civilization. In our modern acceptance of the word freedom, no people were less free than the Spartans. They could not leave their country without permission: they were not allowed to devote themselves to elegant literature, or to the cultivation of the fine arts; and as they could not educate their own children, or take their dinner in private, or even visit their wives except by stealth, all domestic enjoyment, and, in short, all that makes life valuable, was prohibited. Truly, that was an excellent government, which encouraged stealing, and thus destroyed the reverence for the *meum* and *tuum*, which it is one of the principal objects of all reasonable governments to maintain.’

This last sentence, it must be owned, is rather a severe shock to some of our school-boy theories. Alas! that the golden age of legislation should prove as much a fiction and a chimera, as that of morals and innocence! But let us proceed:—

‘That the liberty of the Spartans, like that of all the ancients, was perfectly egotistical, is sufficiently proved by their wish to prevent the re-construction of the walls of Athens; and it is surely enough to brand the name of these jealous barbarians with eternal infamy, that they were the first of all the Greeks who submitted to the yoke of Rome.

‘I may remark of all the Grecian republics, that they were constantly quarrelling among themselves, and that they were alternately exposed to the most severe despotism and the most licentious democracy. Nothing indeed enabled these ill-governed states to retain their independence so long as they did, but that their neighbours wanted the skill and knowledge requisite for subduing nations somewhat, though very little, their superiors.

‘Modern research has destroyed all the splendid fables of Thermopylae, Salamis, and Marathon; and though almost sorry to give them up, the unprejudiced inquirer after truth is obliged to place them by the side of the equally authentic accounts of the hone-cutting razor and the vinegar-melted alps of the Roman historian.

‘But let us pass over these insignificant little Grecian hordes, who, notwithstanding

the knowledge some of them possessed in poetry, architecture, &c., inspire me with less esteem than my friends of the Six Nations—men of less superstition, equal eloquence, and far greater morality.

'The Roman republic was, by its very constitution, an aristocracy, and that, too, of the most cruel and intolerant kind. The whole history of Rome is a mere account of struggles for power, between the patricians and the people—a circumstance which demonstrates the badness of the government. Nothing produced any degree of quiet, but the murderous policy of the senate, in waging incessant wars, by means of which they rid themselves of the more enterprising and turbulent spirits, and induced the Plebeians to forget their liberties in the intoxication of military glory. The government allowed the armies to plunder the nations they conquered, in the same way as, in our times, Napoleon permitted his sanguinary legions. Indeed, if the administration of the colonies was the same under the consuls that it was under the emperors, we may judge of the hypocritical policy of the republic from what Galgacus said: "*Auferre, trucidare, rapere, falsis nominibus imperium, atque ubi solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant.*" If the Carthaginians and the other conquered nations had left any histories behind them, I have no doubt they would materially diminish our respect for the "*rerum dominos gentemque togatam.*" For my own part, I should think that the "*lords of the universe,*" by frequently condemning their captives to fight in the amphitheatres, showed much greater cruelty than the American Indians. Moreover, if a government is to be blamed for the licentious depravity of the people, we may remark, that the Romans, imitating all that was bad in the Greeks, were guilty of unnatural and horrible vices, worthy only of the Arreos and the Mawhoos of the Friendly Islands.

'After the republic of Rome had naturally sunk into a military despotism. Freedom slept a sleep of centuries, and it was not until comparatively modern times that she awoke, never more to slumber. The Tuscan republics, though infinitely superior to that of ancient Rome, as regards civilization, had made but little progress in the science of government. "Viewed as republics," says Mr. Forsyth, "the Tuscans and the Greeks were equally turbulent within their walls, and equally vain of figuring among foreign sovereigns; always jealous of their political independence, but often negligent of their civil freedom; for ever shifting their alliances abroad, or undulating between ill-balanced factions at home. In such alternations of power the Patricians became imperious, the commons blood-thirsty, and both so opposite, that nothing but an enemy at the gates could unite them."

These boasted republics were in fact only oligarchies and aristocracies, where a privileged class lorded it over the rest of the community with a most despotic power. In all but name, the form of government in

these countries (and we may add, too, with the author, in Holland and Switzerland, the land of liberty and Tell), was essentially different from that of America:—

'This great clime is indeed a republic. Let us hear the words of the famous declaration of independence:—

"We hold these truths to be self-evident:—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

'Until representative government was discovered and acknowledged, civil liberty did not, and could not, rest upon any firm basis. Even this great discovery was some time in arriving at any thing like perfection: for man is so prone to usurp authority and to lord it over his fellows, that the liberties of the people were found to be endangered if even freely elected representatives and governors were not often changed, and always held accountable for their actions. This principle, now so well understood, forms the basis of the government of the United States.'

After giving a concise sketch of the practical part of their government, the author continues thus:—

'Such is the general outline of the government established by the people of the United States, a government by far the most perfect that has ever yet existed; inasmuch as it is simple and economical, and at the same time admirably calculated for securing the liberties of the nation.

'Our own government is representative, though but imperfectly so, I should imagine; for I have been told, though no doubt falsely, that any individual can, in what is termed the borough market, buy for 4000*l.* a seat in the House of Commons for seven years, as easily as he can purchase a new coach, or a box at the opera. But, however this may be, if we take into consideration that the British have been accustomed for ages to a monarch and a nobility, it seems probable that a republican government would not suit them so well as their present one. Of course, I must be understood as speaking of the British constitution in its theoretical purity, as described by De Lolme, Blackstone, and others, and not as disfigured with rotten boroughs, sinecures, &c. &c.

'At the revolution, the United States enjoyed an advantage which has not been duly estimated. This was, that they had scarcely any thing to undo. In all other countries, where revolutions have taken place, there has been an aristocracy and a priesthood, naturally adverse to change, and who,

after a change had taken place, were anxious to retain their privileges. But the Americans had the rare good fortune to be free from these evils; and, therefore, their internal government required little alteration. The only question at the revolution was this, "Shall we remain as colonies, or be independent?" and, when this question was decided, every thing went on as quietly as possible.

'In England, it was owing to the discontent of the rich nobles and the high churchmen, that the republican government was overthrown, and the country subjected to the tyranny of that profligate monarch, Charles the Second. The French, in their revolution, entirely abolished the feudal nobility, and the Roman Catholic priesthood, who have indeed re-appeared, but only, as we may hope, to be finally annihilated.

'It must be a most mortifying spectacle to those would-be political philosophers, who have so rancorously maintained that the people must be kept down and ruled with a rod of iron, as utterly incapable of governing themselves, to see the wisdom and vigour manifested by the cheap and unostentatious government of the United States. Yes! let those who have so stoutly urged the absurd dogma, "that the people are their own worst enemies," look at the spectacle presented to them by this great republic, and acknowledge that the experiment of a people governing themselves has there been made, and has succeeded.

'Most other governments are maintained by force. In every direction we meet with soldiers, civil officers, nobles, prelates, and all the other appendages of despotism; while the mass of the people are oppressed, hoodwinked, and plunged into a state of political slavery. But in the United States one looks in vain for any thing of the kind; and a stranger, on going through the country, exclaims, "Where is the government? what is it? I see nothing of it." It is almost impossible for Europeans to form any idea of this, so profoundly ignorant are they in general of all real liberty.

'After Monsieur Dupont, who acted a distinguished part in the French revolution, had returned to France from America, he was one day asked by the Emperor Napoleon, who was surrounded by many of his marshals, generals, and great officers, what he saw extraordinary in the government of the United States. "Sire," replied he, "On ne le voit pas, on ne le sent pas." How completely do those few words express the genius of the American government!

'It is, indeed, entirely a government of opinion. Whatever the people wish, is done. If they want any alteration of laws, tariffs, &c. they inform their representatives, and if there be a majority that wish it, the alteration is made at once. In most European countries, there is a portion of the population denominated the *mob*, who, being acquainted with real liberty, give themselves up to occasional fits of licentiousness. But in the United States there is

no mob, for at the time son said, the hended from part of the proved the Burr, who, have been is at present city of New

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no mob, for every man feels himself free. At the time of Burr's conspiracy, Mr. Jefferson said, that there was little to be apprehended from it, as every man felt himself a part of the general sovereignty. The event proved the truth of this assertion; and Burr, who, in any other country, would have been hanged, drawn, and quartered, is at present leading an obscure life in the city of New York, despised by every one.

The good effects of a free government are visible throughout the whole country. There are no tithes, no poor rates, no excise, no heavy internal taxes, no commercial monopolies. An American can make candles if he have tallow, can distil brandy if he have grapes or peaches, and can make beer if he have malt and hops, without asking leave of any one, and much less with any fear of incurring punishment. How would a farmer's wife there be astonished, if told that it was contrary to law for her to make soap out of the potass obtained on the farm, and of the grease she herself had saved! When an American has made these articles, he may build his little vessel, and take them without hindrance to any part of the world: for there is no rich company of merchants that can say to him, "You shall not trade to India; and you shall not buy a pound of tea of the Chinese; as, by so doing, you would infringe upon our privileges." In consequence of this freedom, the seas are covered with their vessels, and the people at home are active and independent.

This is by far too flattering a picture of that Canaan of our author—the United States. Mobs—aye, and paupers too—are to be found there as well as in Europe; and, as to the elections, the party spirit that rages in England is nothing to what prevails in America. As to the president, who generally now retains his office twice the usual period of four years, scarcely has he been re-elected for the second time, than the newspapers are in a continued wrangle as to the fittest person for his successor, and the supposed candidates are abused in the grossest terms by their respective opponents of the newspaper press. With respect to commerce, the United States has its duties and its imposts; and a new tariff, which has been passed while our author's work was in the press, is a proof that the government of the republic takes as narrow views of commercial freedom as some of the European powers: indeed much more so than the British ministers do at the present moment. We say nothing of that moral taint on the United States—the slave trade, which still exists in more than one state.

We must reserve our author's observations on the laws of the United States until our next number, when we shall resume our notice of this interesting volume.

Account of the Royal Hospital and Collegiate Church of Saint Katharine, near the Tower of London. By J. B. NICHOLS, Esq. F. L. S. 4to. pp. 61. London, Mr. J. B. NICHOLS, son of the Nestor of

literature, is what the late Mrs. Garrick used to say of Tom Dibdin, 'a twig of the old block,' and manifests the same love of antiquities and the same industry and patience of research, as form such prominent features in the character of his venerable father.

It cannot but be well known to our commercial readers, that in consequence of some disputes between the London merchants and the directors of the London Dock Company, a proposal was made for the formation of a new dock near the Tower of London, and a bill brought into Parliament for that purpose. Among the objections to the bill, which was ultimately thrown out, one was that, in order to form the dock, the ancient Collegiate Church of St. Katharine must be taken down—'a church which,' as Mr. Nichols observes, 'is attached to the oldest ecclesiastical community existing in England, which survived the shocks of the Reformation and puritanical phrensy of the succeeding age.' This church is also remarkable as being the only ecclesiastical preferment in the gift of the queen consort of England. The interest excited respecting the church by the discussion in Parliament, led to the publication of the work before us, which is avowedly compiled from Dr. Ducarel's larger history (now out of print) and other sources. To the antiquary, Mr. Nichols's work will be a *bon bouche*, and there are few persons who will not be pleased with his account of this interesting specimen of the ecclesiastical architecture of an early age. Without entering into any detailed or connected history of this royal hospital, we shall merely detach a few passages:—

'The Hospital of Saint Katharine, and its collegiate church, or free chapel, are situated on the east side of the Tower of London, and upon the north bank of the river Thames; within the hundred of Ossulston, in the county of Middlesex; and about three hundred and fifty yards without the walls of the city of London.

'The Hospital of Saint Katharine derived its origin from the piety of Queen Matilda, wife of Stephen, who obtained that monarch's consent, in 1148, to found the hospital and church, in pure and perpetual alms, to secure the repose of the souls of her children, Baldwin and Matilda, who were buried within it before her own decease. The foundation consisted of a master, brethren and sisters, and alms-people; and the endowments were ample. The queen purchased the site, with a mill, from the priory of the Holy Trinity, Aldgate, for 6l. per annum, charged upon the manor of Braughing, Herts, and gave them the perpetual custody of her hospital.

'William de Ypres soon after granted a tract of ground called Edredeshede, since called Queenhithe, near the Tower, to the above priory, charged with a payment of 20l. to the Hospital of St. Katharine; and thus it remained till the year 1255, when Queen Alianor, wife of Henry III. instituted a suit against the prior and convent; the final result of which was the alienation of

the custody and a dissolution of the hospital.'

Alianor obtained a verbal surrender of all claims of St. Katharine's from the bishops, and—

'Urban IV., in 1267, made an ineffectual attempt to prevail upon her majesty to restore the hospital to the legal owners; who, very soon after this shameful deprivation, granted the church-yard of St. Katharine's to the brethren and sisters, for an annual payment of 2lb. of wax, to be deposited on the anniversary of St. Botolph, upon the altar of the church, and remitted to them five shillings tithes at Chaldfleet, for certain lands at Edmonton.

'Alianor, after the decease of her husband, refounded St. Katharine's, by her charter, dated July 5, 1273, for a master, three brethren, three sisters, ten beads-women, and six poor scholars, with endowments; and reserved to herself and the successive queens of England, the nomination of the master, three brothers, priests, and three sisters, upon all vacancies. The beads-women were to receive their sustenance from the alms of the hospital, and lodge within it, for which they were required to pray for the foundress, her progenitors, and the faithful. The boys to be maintained, taught, and assist in the celebration of divine service.'

Philippa, wife of Edward III., was a great benefactress to this hospital, and granted a new charter and statutes for its regulation. Among these regulations were some that were rather amusing:—

'The said brethren shall wear a strait coat or clothing, and over that a mantel of black colour, on which shall be placed a mark, signifying the sign of the Holy Katharine; but green cloaths, or those entirely red, or any other striped, cloaths, or tending to dissoluteness, shall not at all be used. And that the brethren and clerks there assembled shall have the crowns of their head shaved in a becoming manner.

'None of the brethren or sisters shall stay out of the said hospital longer than the usual time of ringing the fire-bells belonging to the churches within the city of London, for the covering up or putting out of the fires therein. And also, that none of the brethren shall have any private interview or discourse with any of the sisters of the said house, or any of the other women within the said hospital, in any place that can possibly beget or cause any suspicion or scandal to arise therefrom.'

'In the reign of Philip and Mary, anno 1558, Calais being taken by the Duke of Guise, together with Guisness and the castle of Hames, and the said duke having obliged all the English to depart from Calais, many of the inhabitants of the two other places followed them, and settled within the precincts of this hospital, in a place which then acquired the name of *Hames Guisnes Lane*, now, by the strange corruption, commonly called *Hangman's Gains*.

'From the preceding account of this hospital, it appears to have existed on its present footing, from the year 1273, when it

was endowed by Eleanor, widow of Henry III.; but dating from its original foundation by Matilda, Queen of Stephen, in the year 1148, it will be found to be the earliest existing ecclesiastical community in this country.

'This house, however, must not be considered as a monastery; since it appears, by the charter of foundation, &c. that the brothers were secular priests, and that the sisters made no vows, nor took upon them the veil, but were so far from being confined, that they were permitted, by the ordinations of Queen Philippa, to go abroad, in the city or elsewhere, with leave of the master, but not to stay out after the ringing of the church bells for putting out fires, commonly called *courrefeu*; that their time was to be taken up in hearing mass, praying for their benefactors, attending the sick, and doing other charitable acts. Their ancient dress may be seen on the Commissary's Seal in plate, p. 11.

'The ground-plot of this house, as it appeared in 1781, is given in the plate, p. 10.

'The hospital consists at present, as it originally did, of a master, three brothers, (priests), and three sisters (single women); besides ten poor bedeswomen, usually nominated by the master, and some other officers.

'The whole precinct of St. Katharine is the property and demesne of the hospital. The houses are holden by leases; and from fines at the renewal of them, with ground-rent, arises the chief estate and maintenance of the church and hospital. The brothers have 40*l.* each; the sisters 20*l.*; and the bedeswomen 8*l.* a year.

'The queens consort of England are by law the perpetual patronesses; this hospital being considered as part of their dower. They nominate, *pleno jure*, the master, brothers, and sisters; and may increase or lessen their number, remove them, alter any statutes, or make new ones, at pleasure; for their power here is unlimited.

'When there is no queen consort, the king nominates the master, brothers, &c. *pro hac vice*. But the queen dowager hath no power or jurisdiction when there is a queen consort; all the attempts that have been made in ancient and modern times for this purpose have proved ineffectual, and the sentences of the courts of the law have unanimously confirmed the great and unlimited power of the queens consort of England over this small ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

'The business of this house is transacted in chapter by the masters, brothers, and sisters; and it is singularly remarkable, that the sisters have therein a vote equally with the brothers; and that no business can be done there without the votes of four of the members, one at least of which must be a sister. The other officers of this house are elected by a majority of votes, and their patents confirmed under the chapter-seal.

'The principal officers so elected are the Commissary or Official Principal, the Registrar, the Steward, Surveyor, Receiver, and Chapter-clerk, besides a Clerk, Sexton, &c.

'To this precinct or hospital belong two courts; one a spiritual, the other a temporal court.

'The spiritual court is a royal jurisdiction for all ecclesiastical causes within this precinct; here probates of wills, administrations, marriage licences, &c. are granted, as in other ecclesiastical courts. And all appeals from the judge of this court are made to the Lord Chancellor *only* (who is the visitor), and therefore come directly to the court of delegates. To this court belong a registrar, ten proctors, and an apparitor.

'In the temporal court, the high steward of the jurisdiction of St. Katharine presides, hears and determines all disputes or litigations arising within this precinct, holds courts-leet, &c. This court has a high bailiff, a prothonotary, and likewise a prison, of which little use hath been made for many years.'

Mr. Nichols's work is embellished with six copper-plate engravings of the most interesting subjects connected with St. Katharine's Church.

The Silent River; a Dramatic Poem. Faithful and Forsaken; a Dramatic Poem.
By ROBERT SULLIVAN. 12mo. pp. 108.
London, 1824.

MR. SULLIVAN is, we believe, a young, and we may add, a promising poet, who expresses the true feelings of nature in language at once poetic and touching. The stories, in both the dramas, are simple. In the *Silent River*, the characters are but four; Luke, the illegitimate son of a gentleman of fortune, is kept in utter ignorance of his birth, until, marrying a female in circumstances apparently above him, he incurs the displeasure of her friends, as he had done the neglect of his own. Obligated to quit a place which began to frown upon him, he takes refuge with a humble but honest fisherman, Caleb, whom he assists. Driven, by his necessities, and stung by neglect, he takes the advantage of his father passing, to rob him; an alarm is spread, when, rather than live to be detected, he kills himself, by plunging into a whirlpool in the *Silent River*. The father arrives at the cottage of Caleb, just in time to learn the fate of his son. Mary, the wife of Luke, goes distracted, and, repairing to the whirlpool, falls into it and disappears. Poetical justice would perhaps require a different issue, but the fate of a victim is often more enviable than that of those who are the authors of the injustice. As a specimen of the author's power, we take Luke's narrative of his sufferings:—

'The lord
Of Rayland Hall stands loftier than his neighbours:

His country views him as a man of trust;
His vassals dread him as a man of power;
And all the world doth reverence his name
As one most just in dealing with his fellows,
And strict in all the duties of his faith—
Yet, is it said, this lord of Rayland Hall,
As many years ago as I am old,
Was less austere, and something given to sports

Such as high blood and lavish means are used to.
He saw his father's mansion for a season;
Then, heedless, sought delights beyond the sea.
Alas! my mother was too young and fair!
She had no other faults.—She never told
My father's name, lest the grey-headed lord
Should kindle at his favourite's misdeed.
She was thrust forth with shame from the wide door

Where none but she had pled in vain for help.
Yet she was silent. She lay on the pallet
Of sickness and of misery, yet still
Betray'd him not. The midnight passed away—

Morn came—and all who fear'd another pang
Might rend the secret from her were at rest,
And so was she.

Caleb. Come, 'tis a piteous tale—
We'll choose some other time.

Luke. I'm in the mood
Just now. One who did tend upon my mother
In charity, a gentle-hearted widow,
Took the poor urchin who was left behind,
And rear'd me in her thrifty home. For her
I learnt th' adventurous craft of those who live
By flood and forest; for, whate'er my state,
My father's blood, his high imperious blood,
Had made me all unfit for meaner toil;
Howbeit, I then was ignorant why my spirit
Ran counter to an honest industry.

At last, the old lord died. The new one came.
Some score of years had taught him to feel
shame

For his youth's license—but taught no atonement.

He had a wife, and other sons born fairly—
What should he with the lawless nursling of
An humble, broken-hearted peasant girl?
Day after day the lonely woman pass'd
To Rayland Hall, and turn'd again in tears;
She never breathed her errand till the hour
She died—and then she told me how some
chance

Possess'd her of my mother's well-kept secret,
And how repeatedly she pray'd in vain
Lord Rayland to receive his own.

Caleb. This story
Puts me the more to shame that my poor means
Could yield no better aid.

Luke. Like my grave sire,
I had a heart that panted at the glow
Of virgin beauty in its bashful spring.
We differed only in the soil we hunted;
For mine was far above me, and the maid.
A fitting mate for Rayland's lawful hope.—
'Twere long to tell thee how I woo'd, how won
her;

Or how her house rejected her with scorn,
As a fair blossom blighted past recovery:—
My heart was light! it rested upon victory,
And we lived joyously.—I think I said
The widow died. Her cottage and her pittance
Devolved on those who long had looked for
them,

And I and my poor Mary had the heavens,
And them alone, to shelter us. My birth,
But newly known to me, directed where
I should demand a home, and the fond arms
Which twined about me for support inspired
Becoming confidence to urge my claim.
Well, then, I led her trembling to the hall;
And then—O, mercy! what a look was her's!
When, 'stead of nature's kindness, our last
hope,

A troop of minions drove us from the door
With shouts and laughter, as audacious va-
grants!

We took our way in silence; neither dared
Give breath to the wild anguish of our souls,

Or plan our
for us—
Forlorn, in
We pass'd
Were num
cruelty
We never
My wife sig
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Caleb. 'T
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Or plan our conduct thence—There was none for us—

Forlorn, indignant, houseless, and distracted,
We pass'd we knew not whither; for our senses
Were numb'd, and our lips frozen by man's
cruelty.

We never stopp'd, till at your cottage door
My wife sighed softly she could move no far-
ther.

Caleb. 'Twas well she could not; for you
ne'er had pass'd

The waste beyond it which we now survey,
Endless, without a tree, or fisher's hut,
Or living thing, except the plaintive lapwing
Disporting querulous round her unfledged
brood—

But see, the moonlight steals upon our talk;
Your wife sits lonely at her wheel beside
The willowy ford, and thinks each little cloud
That darkling flits across the placid stream
Her well beloved, Lord Rayland's hard-used
son—

If he hath heart of man, he must relent.

Luke. He shall relent: I can no longer strive
To see unmoved that slender graceful form
Bending to all the lowly offices
Of the poor station to which I have brought
her—

The tear in secret, lest to-day's supply
Should be denied to-morrow; her cheek pale
With over-watchfulness: her white hand blis-
ter'd

With labour, such as she had lately wept
To hear of in another.—Yes, friend Caleb,
He shall relent.—I'll cross him on the grave
Of my dead mother. I will watch his prayers,
And, when he calls for pardon, start before
him,

And let my frantic visage howl despair!
Well, well—no more just now—I see my hard-
ships

Have damp'd a brow which quail'd not to its
own.

I have detain'd you past the hour appointed
To see you at the rich abode of him
Who lords it o'er this barren wild, and all
Who starve upon it.

The second story is not less melancholy,
though of a different character, and the
scene is laid in France during the revolu-
tion. Eustache, an aristocrat, who had
married a girl betrothed to another, is de-
nounced by the discarded lover, and sent
to the guillotine on his wedding-day. The
widow goes over to the murderer of her
husband, while Annabelle, whom Eustache
had forsaken for the inconstant fair, flies to
him in his misfortune, and, disguised in male
attire, denouncing herself to the tribunal of
blood, is sent to the scaffold with Eustache,
thus proving herself faithful, though for-
saken. We quote the last scene:—

Annabelle. He hath forgotten me.

Eustache. Why do we stay? on, on, sweet
friends, to death,
For I am braver than the reeking Mars,
And scent my own blood with a raven's long-
ing!

Pale, faithful, and forsaken Annabelle,
Was it for this I blanch'd thy blooming cheek?
Come hither one of you—I have a word
Of special trust (to Annabelle). There is a gen-
tle girl

Who hath been faithful to me since the day
When first her eye look'd love and loveliness.
Succeeding years bestow'd their tribute graces,
And with each grace, it seem'd, increasing
fondness;

Till radiant womanhood had made her perfect.
Well, then, I snatch'd the prize, and with a
soul

Tumultuous in its passionate gratitude
Knelt down and shudder'd my wild thanks to
Heaven.

Fool, fool, and villain! She was won—what
more

Could such an idiot wish for? I forsook her,
Forgot at once her tenderness and tears,
And married with another. O, good youth,
Teach me some dying message to this maid
Of fitting sorrow and reviving love;
For I am bow'd with humbleness, and have
No power to instruct thee.

Ann. Shall I say

Thou hast resumed thy faith?

Eus. She will not trust thee:
Say, if thou canst, all that a dying man
Can feel when those he cherish'd have proved
false,

Those he deserted true.

Ann. Thy Annabelle
Believes and is most blest! now we will go
In triumph to our bridal's crimson altar,
And with commingling spirits gaze upon
Our nuptial moon in Paradise.

Gerault. 'Tis true;

This faithful maid is come to die with thee.

Eus. Hold, let me breathe—my Annabelle?
to die?

To die with me? O, pity me, ye Heavens!

Ann. It is in vain; thou canst not leave me
now,

Thou' thou unkindly shouldst desire it. Know
Yon grave tribunal, gentler than Eustache,
Did hear my prayers, and framed a crime for me
Which I confess'd, more gladly than my love
When first you ask'd it—(to Gerault.) Take
my latest thanks.

At morn seek out the youthful Marguerite,
And tell my story, with this fond addition:
I left no dearer friend than her and thee.

Thy hand, most dear Eustache.

Eus. Almighty Heaven,
Requite my guilt less terribly! 'Tis just
I suffer, but is death too little? Must I
Know the last eye that would have wept my
fall

Closes untimely with my own? The voice—
The only voice that had excused thy wrongs,
And smoothed my name, can utter no lament?
O, mercy, mercy! let not one so soft
Inflict a pang so subtle.

Ann. Thou'lt forgive me.

My heart betray'd, or I had died with thee
An unknown partner.

Eus. Mercy! yet, no mercy!
O, that white brow, and those sweet raven
braids

Which have reposed upon my heart so oft—
A moment hence, and where will they repose?
Where, where that delicate devoted form
Which the vile mob shall stand to gaze upon,
And wonder what the features might have
been?

'Tis the last time that mortal lips shall touch
them. [Clasping her violently.]

Ann. (the death bell tolling.)

Hark to that sound! it is our marriage peal!

Eus. Sweet Annabelle!

Ann. Come, come, the choir is waiting
To sing us into paradise!

Eus. O God!

[They go out hand in hand, followed by the rest.]

To powers of versification of no ordinary
class, Mr. Sullivan adds a great deal of ten-
derness; and, if he is only careful, and does

not seek to climb too rapidly, we augur that
he will reach no inconsiderable height on
the mount of Parnassus.

Venice under the Yoke of France and of
Austria. With Memoirs of the Courts,
Government, and the People of Italy, &c.
By a Lady of Rank.

(Concluded from p. 439.)

LEAVING Naples, in the account of which
we find some curious and rather improbable
anecdotes, we proceed with our 'Lady of
Rank' to Rome; and here we find her quot-
ing Rogers and praising Mr. John Williams,
M.P. whom she (for, in despite of our own
conviction, we allow the author her petticoat
disguise) designates as 'the vigorous little
bantam cock of the British bar.' We are
told that the Roman states suffer much in
their legitimate population, from the effects
of celibacy; this is natural enough, but that
this circumstance should be the cause of
two-thirds of the land being uncultivated
is to us a paradox, which we shall not stop
to solve, when we have so close to it an
anecdote of Canova:—

'The immortal Canova, when at Vienna,
and in the zenith of his celebrity, courted
and feted by all that was distinguished for
birth, for rank, and for talent, being one
day at Prince Rezzonico's, was asked, why
he appeared so low-spirited? "I do not
know," said he, "what is the reason; but,
when I am in my studio at Rome, working
all day long with my paper cap on my head
and my apron round my waist, I feel my
lungs expand, my heart at ease, my spirits
light as air, and my vigour increased by
contemplating the surrounding objects.
These delicious sensations keep the body
and mind in harmony with each other.
Since I have been here, though I have cer-
tainly met with nothing but what has been
calculated to flatter, in the highest degree,
my *amour propre*, I am, nevertheless, like
the unfruitful soil of the north, sterile in ge-
nius, in health, and in spirits, and feel as if
I had the seven mortal sins on my shoul-
ders."

Of Rome, we have some curious passages,
though, we confess, a few of them would
have come with a better grace from another
pen than that of a lady:—

'Previously to the mighty Napoleon
making his infant son and heir King of
Rome, the streets of that city were never
suffered to be lighted up. To prevent the
people from running foul of each other, or
against the carriages of the cardinals, every
one provided himself with a dark lantern,
similar to those which are made use of by
house-breakers in this country; which lan-
terns they would poke into people's faces,
and thereby prevent them from seeing their
way.

'This state of darkness, in which it was
the policy of the Roman government to
keep its subjects, was resorted to, upon the
principle, that it was as well for the people
to be kept ignorant of certain cardinal prac-
tices; which would become too manifest
and glaring, if the streets were suffered to
be lighted up.

'For the self-same reason the holy conclave have a private door to all the theatres in Rome, through which they enter *en masque*, and every now and then, *par hasard*, stumble, in the dark, upon some pretty female or two; whom, out of pure Christian charity, of course, they take under the shelter of their sacred wings, during carnival time; the better to prepare the said pretty females for their Lent confessions!'

Our author is a terrible Rambler, and, in her account of Rome, gives a good deal which would come better under the head of France; one bit of news we certainly get,—it is, that Napoleon, whose marriage, all the world knows was merely political, repudiated Josephine and married Maria Louisa, 'to satisfy his sensual inclination.' Murat, who was a brave man and a good king, being a member of the Bonaparte family, comes in for his share of the vulgar and brutal abuse; but, notwithstanding these things which are enough to make any man throw down the book, we always find some redeeming quality by persevering. *Ecce signum* :—

'Cesarotti wrote an elaborate epic poem on the warlike achievements of the Archduke Charles, and, when the Austrian army had been driven out of Italy by the French, only changed the name of Charles for that of Napoleon, and presented the identical work to the French, instead of the Austrian conqueror?'

We have, as our readers will perceive, frequent occasion to notice the grossness of our author, nor does she improve as we advance. Speaking of a Madame Grassini, she says she was 'as common as a country whipping-post,' that she 'set off to Paris to follow her old trade,' and several other *rank* allusions are used by our 'lady of rank.' Then we are told that, when the Empress Josephine was crowned Queen of Italy, she forgot her old 'pot companions,' with similar expressions, which rather indicate the author to be some hackney writer, who spends his time and his money in the tap-room of a public-house, than a person who has mixed in good society; and yet she certainly must have done this. In a chapter devoted to the Bonaparte family, we have a curious document,—a memorial of Joseph Bonaparte to the Duke of Tuscany, in which he anxiously labours to prove himself descended from an ancient Italian family, and humbly supplicates the grand duke to bestow on him a knighthood of the order of San Stefano. This document is too curious to be omitted, and we therefore subjoin it:—

"May it please your royal highness:

"Joseph Bonaparte, of Corsica, the son of Charles Bonaparte, the most humble of your royal highness's servants, begs leave, with the most profound veneration, to represent:

"That his family, at present settled at Corsica, had their origin in Tuscany, and particularly in the city of Florence, where, from the very time of the republic, they enjoyed distinguished honours, and were connected by blood to some of the most illus-

trious families, such as the Albizzi, the Alberti, the Tornabuoni, the Attavanti, and others of equal rank; and as, in the course of the numerous political changes which took place in the early ages of the Italian republic, they were under the necessity of dividing themselves into different branches, and, as adherents of the party of the Ghibellini, to leave the city of Florence, and take refuge in divers other states; and in particular the branch of the present suppliant, who withdrew to Sarzana, at that time a small republic; where they were called up to the first honours, admitted to high public situations, and contracted the most respectable matrimonial alliances with the Malaspina, and other illustrious families.

"The suppliant, with profound respect, begs further to represent to your royal highness, that, in consequence of the many revolutions which took place in those turbulent times all over Italy, the branch of the Bonaparte family to which he belongs was induced to settle in Corsica, and fixed their residence in the city of Ajaccio; in which city the said family was distinguished, and considered as noble; as can be proved by the letters patent granted them by the republic of Genoa, declaring Geronimo Bonaparte to be the head of the ancient nobility of that city; to whom the Bonaparte family settled in Corsica are allied, and also with the families of the Bozi, the D'Arnano, the Durazzo, the Lomellino, and in a direct line with the lords of the fiefs of Bozi:

"The suppliant begs leave further to represent, that the kingdom of Corsica, having passed under the dominion of the King of France, the father of the suppliant was acknowledged to be a noble, and of ancient nobility, of upwards of two hundred years' standing, and often chosen one of the twelve gentlemen appropriated to represent the whole nation, and nominated a member of the general assembly of noble deputies, at the court of his majesty the most Christian king; who was pleased, by letters patent, in the year 1779, to authenticate the ancient nobility of the Bonaparte family. And, further, after the said authentication, Napoleon, a younger brother of the suppliant, was appointed, by his most Christian Majesty, one of the pupils in the Royal Military School at Brienne, whence he passed to that of Paris, and afterwards was promoted to the rank of an officer in the royal corps of artillery:

"Lastly, the suppliant begs leave to represent, that in consequence of the quality of his family, his sister, Marianne Bonaparte, had the honour of being appointed, by the said King of France, to be a pupil in the convent of St. Louis, at St. Cyr, founded by Louis the Fourteenth, expressly for the education of the daughters of nobles; and which selection and favour could not have been obtained, unless she had previously proved an uninterrupted noble descent of four generations:

"From all which it being evident, that the Bonaparte family have ever been con-

sidered of Tuscan origin, and descended from Giovanni Bonaparte, who was the guarantee for the Florentine republic at the celebrated peace stipulated with Cardinal Latino, and as such always acknowledged, as long as the said Bonapartes remained in Tuscany.

"Moved, therefore, by a desire to acknowledge his ancient country, he has not hesitated to appeal to the most clement throne of your royal highness, humbly beseeching your royal highness to condescend to accord to him, in your justice, the honour of wearing the habit of the noble order of St. Stephen; because, with this new decoration, the suppliant would have fresh opportunities of making known to your royal highness, that profound veneration, and that faithful obedience, which are due to the personal virtues of your royal highness, and to all your august family," &c.

Of the Bonaparte family there are several curious anecdotes:—

'In the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle there is deposited, among other curiosities, a cameo of an onyx, about the size of a crown-piece, on which is a likeness, in basso relievo, of the son of Charlemagne, which really resembles Bonaparte, as much as if it had been intended for him, and far more than many of the portraits which he has himself sat for to Andrea Appiani, of Milan, who has painted him, at his own request, in all the striking stages of his career, and in all his imperial costumes. This cameo, when he was at Aix-la-Chapelle, Bonaparte had copied; and that copy was the identical medallion which he wore as the real likeness of Charlemagne. But that, however, was not the fact, as the original is still to be seen in that chapel; where the story was told to me by one of the keepers of the antiques. It must now be nearly a thousand years since it was executed.'

Some of our readers may, perhaps, be aware that the puce colour takes its name from a flea, and originated with a queen of France; our Gallic neighbours appear to have gone still farther for young Napoleon, if the following anecdote may be relied on:

'And now, to crown the whole, and to raise Napoleon Le Grand to the acme of his wishes, Maria Louisa was safely delivered of a son, and all Paris were thereupon directed to sing,—"Unto us a son is born; unto us a child is given!" And, "*O! miseris hominum mentes, oh pectora caca!*" even the colour of the "*caca du petit Roi de Rome*," became the vogue at the imperial court; the looms at Lyons were instantly set in motion; and nothing was to be seen in the Parisian beau-monde,—an instance this of frivolity and of folly that, perhaps, was never surpassed, even by that giddiest of all giddy nations!'

With this, though not the most delicate anecdote, we conclude, and having so freely expressed our opinion of Venice under the Yoke of France and Austria, we take leave of the author, wishing him (or her) a better taste than is displayed in these volumes.

The Blank-Book pp. 14

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MRS.

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The Blank-Book of a Small Colleger. 12mo. pp. 142. London, 1824.

We have rarely met with any work with a title so unmeaning, or at least so unexplained, as 'The Blank-Book of a Small Colleger.' the title is indeed an absurdity into which we are surprised at seeing so intelligent a writer fall, and we will refer him to all the explanations of the term blank, for one that could tolerate such a bull of a title-page—but the title-page dismissed, and our censure ceases; for, on proceeding further, we find some dozen or fifteen very clever sketches, which display considerable knowledge of the world, and no lack of abilities in the description. One of these we give as a specimen. It is that of,—

MRS. REUBEN POTTLE.

'It was my good or ill fortune—the reader may word it as he pleases—to make the acquaintance, while in Hampshire, of Mrs. Reuben Pottle. She was a singular lady. I fear I shall hardly do her justice; I will attempt her portrait notwithstanding. A little, thin, diminutive woman—with flaxen hair, dressed à la Corinne—blue eyes, that never rested an instant on the same object—a small round straw hat, in imitation of Reuben's wife, and a broad, red morocco girdle, confining a yellow silk gown:—such was Mrs. Pottle, both in appearance and dress, on the morning of our introduction. Her mind was as eccentric as her person. Always *en magnifique*—calling England the Island, and her husband an Emmet. She was the terror of the men and the vampire of the women.

'Having an utter abomination of learned ladies, more particularly of one who was forever talking about Athens and Sparta, the Capitol and the Parthenon, the reader may imagine my indescribable horror, on finding myself in for a tête-à-tête with this formidable woman. My sense of my situation deprived me, for some moments, of utterance, till, recollecting that the silence must be broken, I began—"What a lovely morning!"—Mrs. Reuben looked at me in silence. "The first day of spring."—Not a word. Her little restless blue eyes twinkled on, as before. "This is really April weather."—Mute as death.—Out of patience with her continuing to play the dumb belle, I bowed and took my leave. I was afterwards told, that on that subject I might have so-loquized for ever; for Mrs. Reuben, by no chance, ever noticed the weather. "Foul or fair, we could neither alter it nor mend it. Why then discuss it? It was a subject fit only to be dwelt on by those who were unequal to talk on any other." So said Mrs. Pottle.

'Her husband, Reuben Pottle—or, as he was named, from the peculiar cast of his visage, Rue Pottle, was a slight, tall, conscious-looking man, who appeared completely cowed—a dog, to whom any urchin might say, "Where's your tail?" Twice, and twice only, did I ever hear his voice in his own house. The first time that I was amazed by its sound, was at one of Mrs.

Reuben's musical parties. "My love, Sir Thomas Pickering has arrived at his seat; and I request," said she, in the tone of a seraph, "that the first thing you do in the morning may be to call on him."—"My love, you take very good care," sighed Reuben, "that the first thing I do in a morning is to go to bed." And as the poor hen-pecked creature finished the sentence, he seemed amazed at his own temerity, and hastily scudded across the room. The other instance occurred with the gentlemen after dinner; when, on a furious ultra-liberal declaiming against the doctrine of passive obedience, Reuben whimpered, in the tone of a school-boy behind the back of his master, "Ah! that's just the way with my little fool!"

'Of her hostility to the doctrine of non-resistance, Mrs. Reuben gave an instance in early life. She lost her mother at sixteen; and her father, a respectable farmer, finding himself unequal to control her vagaries, brought home a second wife, to assist him in the task. To celebrate this event, a large party was invited; and after supper—reader, 'twas in middle life—the song, and the laugh, and the toast went round. Miss Ruth was called on for hers. "With all my heart," she said. Then rising, and filling a bumper, she gave, with the voice of a stentor, "Confusion to all mothers-in-law."—A very few weeks after this event, she played off a prank, which was attended with all but fatal consequences. It was the period of the murder of the Williamsons and the Marrs. She was walking in Kensington Gardens, and, having taken shelter from a shower, in a shed, she amused herself, by inscribing, in large letters, on the wall, "I'm the unfortunate man who murdered Mr. Marr's family." The horror this sentence excited, in several parties which successively came to the shed, Miss Ruth declared to be the richest treat in nature. But, unfortunately, among them, came a lady and gentleman, the former of whom, from her situation, was ill qualified to contend with fright. She read the scrawl, and fainted. Her husband's fondest hopes were blighted; and she herself nearly lost her life.

'But, notwithstanding all this, Mrs. Reuben would have done very well, had she not, unfortunately, become a radical. To this political twist she contrived, that every thing about her should contribute. An immense dog, between a wolf and a setter, was christened "Reform;"—and I well remember my amazement, when she said to me, one morning, "I'll show you my darling—my pet—Reform. I believe you never saw him? Quite an idol of mine. Reform! Reform!"—and she whistled like a coxswain—when in rushed an immense mastiff, carrying all before him. Quite the thing for a lady's pet, to be sure, thought I. What will a woman make an idol of next?

'Then she had an album stored with autographs, by no means of the choicest description. I noticed one from Hunt, in Ilchester Gaol, written in a fine large

hand, and beginning, "Pen, ink, and paper conspire against me;" and she pointed out, with unction, an illegible scrawl of Thistlewood's, which she said "Alderman ——— had most obligingly procured from him on the very morning of his execution."

'But every thing in life, like a quadrille, has its finale; and that of my acquaintance with Mrs. Reuben was approaching. At each of the morning calls I had unwillingly made her, I found her engaged on an Italian author; and, invariably, at a page plentifully besprinkled with pencilled notes in the margin. My curiosity was piqued, and I inquired "the name of the favourite?"—"Ariosto."—"And the numerous pencil marks are proofs of your diligence?"—"Oh dear, no! those are the improper passages. I had them all marked out for me before I began."—I laughed immoderately, and she—never spoke to me again.

We suspect the author of this Blank Book to be a young author—indeed, we believe the present volume to be his maiden effort—if so, it is a creditable one, and we wish him to pursue the line he has chalked out for himself.

ORIGINAL.

A SOIREE IN HADES—LETTER FROM WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

(Concluded from p. 445.)

To Master Oude.

RIGHTE WORTHIE SIR,—You sought to doe me a service; and in tokeyne of reminiscence thereof, I shall doe you a sport; read the followinge, and it will expovnde

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

* * * * *
Therefore I proceeded thereon with all diligence, and our toil so speeded, that in little time, we, to wit,—those whom I could engage with me in the work, in the which I acted as manager, remembering former times,—were enabled to represent 'The Tempest,' before the throne, Pluto and his spouse witnessing thereon our performance with very great delight of heart. Marlow, for great and daring mind, would play Caliban—Marston, Prospero—Lyly, for his sweetness and fancy, Ariel.—the merry wight Fletcher did enact Gonzalo—I took upon me, in humbleness, the old king—Heywood would play naught, if not Ferdinand—Rowley and Marston were Sebastian and Alonso; and here was a play fitted, all but Miranda; Elizabeth, our whilom queen, a very woman, and fond of idle toys, would take this part on herself; but poor Lyly, remembering her unkindness, when she dallied with his hope on earth, declared he could not endure the

sight and converse of her—for by the scandal of beholding a woman in such circumstance. Therefore was she excluded, whereat she cursed and swore that all hell was in amaze to hear. With great ado, we urged her sister Mary, of Scots, (who for gentleness and innocency of heart was the personified image of the island maiden), to undertake the part—seeing that there was naught of levity in it, and no public exhibition but only for Pluto and his consort, *

* And so well pleased were they, that my request (to further which it was done) was forthwith granted, and Mercury had order to see me under the sun of this world. * * *

* Oh! how pleasant it was to feel the earthly breeze upon my cheek, and to hear around me the bustle of mine own old town! London! Is this London?—Every house is a palace, and the palaces appear to be the children of faery toil!—The meanest shops around me have glass windows! They have even constructed little splendid moveable mansions, drawn by horses, when our Elizabeth used no finer vehicle than the pillion placed on the hinder part of a mettled charger, and yet I have seen thousands of these in the use of the plebeian louts.—You may imagine what a sweet delight it gave me to perceive a frequent recurrence of my own name in this congregation of splendours. Then I am not forgotten!—I have not died with the wreck of mine age! My name is blazoned forth along the streets, and visible in every other shop window!—How little suspicion had I that this could be any other than myself! My human vanity, however, was soon deservedly humbled.

Urged by the remembrance of the pleasant olden time, and by an anxiety to perceive if I still held a place among those of my own calling, I inquired, of a passing stranger, the nearest way to the Red Bull. He appeared surprised at my question, but, after a little hesitation, directed me, in broken English, into a narrow lane, which he said would lead me to another, turning off to the right, which would bring me to the place I spoke of. And I followed his counsel, though I could not imagine how so total a change had been accomplished in the appearance of its purlieus. But when I came to the Red Bull, and entered, what was my astonishment to find myself ware of a public tavern!—And when I spake of my mischance, and asked for the Red Bull playhouse, all seemed struck with wonderment thereat, and gazed upon

me and one another—until one, after viewing my habit all over with a leering countenance, clapped me on the shoulder, and said that it would do, and that *Common Garden* house was nigh; whereat all did rejoice their sides with wonderful bursts of laughter, and I departed in angry wise.

I passed along the streets with a countenance both in sorrow and in anger, when,—buz—buz—a play-bill caught my eye. Thereto did I set me with might and main to read, but the types were so clumsy and ill formed, that I had much ado to decypher them, and when I had done so, it was wrong spelt and worded from beginning to end! I had the gratification for my labour, to find that it was a play of mine own—at least I was deceived to think so, but it was announced as—Shakspeare's tragedy of King Richard III. instead of being put forth in the proper form, 'Mr. VWilliam Shakspeare, his true Chronicle Historie of ye Life and Death of Kynge Richard III.'—But these are trifles light as air: I have had weightier vexations in your new world.

Mercury had supplied me with an abundance of the golden trash which makes a man. He had purloined it, he said, from a banker's widow—a mistress—a Coats—or Coutts—if my memory serveth me right. The manner in which he brought it to pass was dexterous. He introduced himself to her house during her absence at the theatre—placed a flower-glass on an easy chair in her drawing-room, which she loved well, and abided the result; this indeed was most disastrous: the lady returned much wearied, and entering the chamber, threw herself without precaution into her favourite chair,—when *proh pudor!* crash went the flower-glass—and * * * (hiatus in MS.)

This I found was making a considerable commotion then in your city.—Mercury saw his opportunity when she let fall her *reticule* (as he called it) and made his exit with the contents. With these I procured a sight of what I thought was to be my own play.

Imagine my surprise and admiration, when, after passing a long and narrow entry, I found myself in the centre of a lofty and splendid dome, the cieling thereof illuminated with an immense lustre which seemed formed of crystal spars, the galleries around richly gilded and crowded with fair ladies, each of whom was dressed much better than Queen Elizabeth. Is this indeed a theatre? Are these elegant persons all assembled to hear the work of my poor

fancy? I felt my unworthiness, I shrunk into my seat with a feeling of disagreeable insignificance—a bell rings—the immense expanse of green is lifted up—what beauty! what splendour! what elegance!—It cannot be—where they find such decorations as these, they can surely find much more powerful pens than William Shakspeare's.

The tragedy commenced—but where? I do not see the hump-back?—No—it begins with the end of Henry the Sixth—but let that pass—it is not worth the noting. Richard enters—what a tumult of applause!—and I joined in it; sincerely: for methought I beheld the complete living personator of my own portraiture, and had the curtain then fallen, and had I seen and heard no more, my feeling of delight would have been unbroken to this moment. But the eyes will grow weary; beauty itself is tedious in its duration when unrelieved by soul—I began to long for genius, and that too I found your modern actors could afford me—at intervals; but he looked Richard better than he acted it. Richard, it is true, hath mighty passions, but he hath a mighty command over them; he gives them sway for his pleasure, and restrains them for his profit; he is never wrapt in a whirlwind, unknowing where he tendeth. No thoroughly depraved and malignant heart is capable of sudden bursts and starts of rage. He was more crafty and politic than wayward. Those eagernesses of manner are symptoms of an ingenuous mind, the which he had no part in. Nevertheless, this man pleased me well; but what shall I say of him who prepared the play such as it was, and what should I think of those who could sit to hear,—aye, and applaud such a farrago of unnatural absurdity as has been made of it from beginning to end? What? to put into the mouth of the tyrant—the murderer—the sneering stabber—Richard—in the tent scene, the soliloquy of the fifth Henry, before the field of Agincourt; does not the preposterous anomaly stare you all in the face? In the situation of Richard then, too!—And then, * the dying

* I am sorry the immortal critic has not given us his reason for this denunciation; and it is only because I can assure you that it would confirm and coincide with an opinion I have myself long formed on this curious lucubration.—To put into the mouth of the practical villain, Richard, such a piece of milk and water common-place stuff as that passage, appears to me worse than puerile. The great reader of men's hearts found the difficulty, perhaps more properly the utter needlessness, of supplying any thing whatever on the occasion, but his

curse! Oh! and amen, le all! A pla I'll never sti

* Let me p candour, on broken and c have given ppearance of much more that which shall call to own:

* The lights b night? Cold drops of flesh, Where should myself? Richard loves

The fearful circumstance of these—a and express are they not cumstances, you have gi

* Oh! tyrant me! When I look I cannot bear Is this not it not abs why do yo

* This se somewhat the ears of ed totally very whirl acquire ar might gi particular But no n

* effect all deafening I expected though t nothing fi not have Jack heart of creation thee to s

mangler may truly but the ex tolerable; its effect i suppositio

* Oh In conqu Than eve &c & Fah! no

curse! Oh! a cup of Lethe! Marry and amen, let me forget it—all—all—all! A plague on your new world! I'll never stir from Hades more.

Let me put to you, in coolness and candour, one question. Is not the broken and confused soliloquy which I have given to Richard after the appearance of the shades of the slain, much more natural and striking than that which has been substituted?—I shall call to mind some lines of my own:

'The lights burn blue! Is it not dead midnight?
Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh,
Where should I fly? What?—myself from myself?
Richard loves Richard?' &c.

The fearful aggravation of appalling circumstances in the first line—the effect of these—and the confusion of ideas and expressions in the last—I ask you, are they not more natural under the circumstances, than the cast-iron speech you have given him:

'Oh! tyrant conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
When I look back, 'tis terrible retreating,—
I cannot bear the thought, nor dare repent!—
Is this not flat? is it not puerile? is it not absurd? If you answer yes, why do you listen to it?

This second actor seemed to take somewhat too much delight in shaking the ears of the groundlings. He seemed totally to forget that even in the very whirlwind of his passion he should acquire and beget a temperance which might give it smoothness. In many particulars he resembled the former. But no more near than I to Hercules.

A man can effect all the purposes of terror without deafening his auditors. I expected much from the ladies; but though the novelty liked me well, I saw nothing from them that our boys might not have equalled.

Jack Falstaff! oh! merry wight! heart of my heart! mine own favourite creation? Is it thou? I will not hurt thee to say it—no—but I had been now

mangler had more confidence. Of him we may truly say, *despoliarit ornanda*. Nothing but the excellent acting of Kean could make it tolerable; and the scene would lose naught of its effect if he only acted it. What a natural supposition is the following:—

'Oh! the vast renown thou hast acquired in conquering Richard, does afflict him more Than even his body's parting with its soul! &c. &c. &c.

Fah! non est Ricardus.—OUDE.

too well accustomed to disappointment! I could laugh at it;—and at the alterations! Sing away—say I—sing on,—and beautiful singers ye are, maidens, exquisite!—Make operas of poor Will's comedies as speedily as ye will, but, for mercy, do not make * melo dramas of his tragedies!—At Covent Garden, too, saw I another Falstaff, but * * * for ease * * * Barbary ape in hose and doublet * * * to my mind. (*Hiatus valde lachrymabilis in MS.*)—A cup of Lethe, I say again!

I thought the man sneered at me. 'Friend,' said I, 'totally forgetting myself, and Mercury's caution, allow me to be the better judge here, seeing that I am the very man, and I never penned a line o'nt.' Who?—what man? 'Even that 'William Shakspeare.' 'Ha, ha, ha!' 'William Shakspeare? I say! Diska! why, here is Shakspeare'—before he could complete the word, I had him *par terre*,—(I was always something of the hasty vein)—and before I could raise him again, I was seized and dragged forth and given in custody to a fat Dogberry, who tendered the accusation against me, when you, most worthy juvenile, offered to give me aid.

Most worthy sir, farewell for ever! I write this by an Elysian twilight. Ben Jonson is walking yonder with Sophocles, Euripides, and Eschylus, whose company he affects; Marston and Juvenal, and Horace and Dryden and Pope, are sitting under a grove, and laughing and gibing the other shades as they pass in groups. Marlow is gone to view Tartarus. Middleton, Heywood, and Rowley, are playing at Barley-break; and my old acquaintance, Sir Philip Sydney, is peeping over my shoulder, and laughing at my telling thee this. Farewell!—A cup of Lethe, I say once more, and a plague on your new world.—WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

The Rambles of Asmodeus, No. VIII.

THE man who aims a shaft at vice or folly in these days can scarcely miss his mark, even although he should not be like one of the left-handed men of Benjamin, who could hit to a hair's breadth, or be inferior to one of Barber Beaumont's riflemen, for whom, according to his own account, he used to hold the

* It is to be presumed that Mr. William Shakspeare, his knowledge of melodramas was a late acquirement. He at least gained something by his sojourn amongst us —OUDE.

target; indeed, the game is so plentiful, that I must really sport once a week, for I find sufficient unto the week are the duties thereof, particularly such a week as mine.

You know I care little about politics, though I keep an eye on every court of Europe; I cannot, however, omit noticing some events which have occurred in Ireland,—they are of a character so extraordinary. I do not allude to the Earl of Do-ughm—e's falling from his horse without hurting himself, because his lordship pitched on his head, and all the 'blood relations' know that, in such a case, there could be no danger; nor do I mean the investigation at New Ross, respecting Browne, the policeman, though such inquiries would soon give a death-blow to faction. I allude to more remarkable circumstances, which, though I scarcely expect to be credited, I give on the faith of all the Irish papers:—'There was no riot at Carlow, and no life lost at Bandon, on the 1st of July.' What! Bandon! that inscribed on its gates—

'Welcome Turk, Jew, or Atheist,
Any thing but a papist,'

thus to abandon its former principles. Well may Captain Rock exclaim—

'Oh! when rebellion's so feasible,
Where is the kern would be slinking off?
Con of the battles! what makes you so peaceable?
Nial the grand! what the dev'l are you thinking of?

Another suspicious circumstance has occurred in the sister country. Mr. Daniel O'Connell has been praising the Irish government! Now is doomsday near! We understand however, that the Marquis Wellesley has received a severe reprimand for having done any thing for which Mr. Daniel O'Connell could praise him. Taking of Ireland reminds me of my old friend Martin—the Howard of the lower animals; on whose recent appearance at Bow Street and adventure with Je Munden, I was about to write you an account, when the postman brought me a copy of the Dublin Star, where found all I wished to say, versified as follows:—

'The Humane Swearer or, Life at Bow Street.
'As that benign and merciful M. P.

Whom ev'ry brute loves throughout the nation,
Was lab'ring t'ottr day in his vocation,
Before Sir Richard (as we often see),
Proving, of cose, that he himself
Was a humangood-natur'd elf,
(Though other merhan savages were worse,
To flog their hors so, and swear and curse,)
And that his mind and animal economy
Were form'd t' Nature in a plastic mould,
As might by y one, indeed, be told,

Who look'd, Lavater like, at his *fizzonomy*—
Just at that moment in popp'd honest Joe,

The vet'ran, who our cares has oft beguil'd;
But Martin seem'd the vet'ran not to know,

Although Sir Richard knew Thalia's child—
"So, you don't know this gentleman?" Sir
Richard cried.

"Not I!" "Why, sir, his name is Joseph
Munden,"

"Oh! so it is, by G—," Humanity replied,
"I'm glad to see one who has so much *fun*
done;—

Give me your hand,—by G— I love the stage,
Because the *brute* creation *there* stand highly;
Horses and *asses* now are all the rage."

"Pray," interrupted Birnie, rather slyly,
D'ye know *you're* subject to a fine for *swearing*
Before a magistrate, or in his hearing?"

"Oh, d—n it, so I am!—by G— you're right;
Well, here's the *tip*—you know I'm tender-
hearted,

And though I *swear* a bit, I never *fight*,"—
So, putting down a dollar, Dick departed."

Pray, Mr. Editor, have you been to
see the patent steam washing company
at Mitcham? I am about to visit it next
week, on an invitation from the pro-
prietors; in the mean time, I under-
stand that it has become necessary to
separate the linen, &c. according to the
sexes, in consequence of some unseem-
ly conversation that had been over-
heard between a male and female night-
cap of distinction, which had previous-
ly met in better places than the wash-
ing tub.

You are aware that I was at the
christening of the Duke of Bucking-
ham's grandson—Richard Platagenet
Campbell Nugent Chandos Grenville
Temple. The Spanish custom of
giving so many names has in this in-
stance been adopted in order to perpe-
tuate and mark the era of Lord Nugent's
memorable campaign in the Peninsula. I
also drew a bow (you are aware I never
draw a long bow) among the archers,
but the prize was carried by Miss Wynn,
the lovely daughter of Sir Watkin
William Wynn; the young lady was
borne away in triumph on a target, the
band very appropriately playing the air
See the Conquering Hero Comes. The
duke is now on a geological tour to
the Highlands, and has been presented
with the freedom of Glasgow, on account,
as the Lord Provost told him, of his be-
ing the *greatest* mn (Daniel Lambert
never was at Glasgw), that ever visit-
ed that city. So muu for Buckingham!

What think you o' Lord Waithman*

* The statement of a friend Asmodeus,
relative to the lord mayor's pugacious propen-
sities surprised us so much that we were anx-
ious to consult the newspapers on the subject,
and find, by The Times of Thursday morning,
that he is perfectly correct. An athletic black,
of the name of Green, applied on the preceding
day, along with some other sailors, to know
how they should obtain a sum of 300l. to which

—the first magistrate of the first city in
the world—abetting a boxing-match,
and giving directions to a negro how to
go into training. Every person knows
that the repeal of the Irish Union and
Catholic emancipation were anticipated
from Langan's defeat of Spring—the
gods, however, ordained it otherwise.
The lord mayor, we understand, sees in
the defeat of the English champion by
a 'nigger,' the abolition of the slave
trade. Now, although Mr. Wilberforce
will pray, preach, or harangue, for hours
together, to get the odious traffic repeal-
ed, yet he would not purchase it by
losing our supremacy in the ring; and
the only time he ever was known to
swear, was when Crib defeated Mo-
lineux; he then exclaimed 'by — I
am glad of it,'—But why compare
Waithman to Wilberforce? they have
nothing in common, except that the
same letter commences both their names.

To pass to graver subjects, what man,
having the smallest portion of huma-
nity, does not shed a tear over the fate
of the King and Queen of the Sandwich
Islands, both of whom meet with a
winding-sheet, though not a tomb, in
London; and who that has read a sin-
gle page of Lord Byron's works, does
not feel indignant at the slight passed
on his remains, by the manner in which
the funeral has been conducted. It is
even said that Mr. Barber Beaumont
was one of the mourners. Spirits do
not now stalk abroad, or that of Byron
would have avenged the insult; but I
cannot believe it: though a dealer in as-
surance he knows his place better, than
to obtrude himself on such an occasion.

they were told they were entitled, for saving a
ship and cargo:—

'The black,' says The Times, 'who, the lord
mayor perceived, exceedingly resembled Mo-
lineux, the celebrated antagonist of Tom Crib,
accidentally raised his hand, which was clinch-
ed, to his face. The fist was such as must oc-
casion a good deal of speculation amongst the
fancy.'

'The lord mayor asked the black whether
he was related to Molineux, whom (said his
lordship) I saw going to fight Crib, when they
were better matched than they were afterwards.
Your face is akin to his, and, if I mistake not,
your hand is of the same dangerous character
as his was.'

'Green.—Indeed, my lord, we are sisters'
sons, and I am going to take a trial at the *ring*
myself next week.

'The lord mayor.—What countryman are
you?

'Green.—A native of New York.

'The lord mayor.—Then, if you go into our
ring, take the advice of a friend, and don't feed
too high. You will have occasion for all your
faculties, and be sure you eat your beef-steaks
raw!—ED.

If, however, we except Tam, Tom, and
Sam, the—

'Three poets in three different countries born,
Who Scotland, Ireland, and England still
adorn,'

The funeral procession was lacking
much in the only persons who ought to
have attended the funeral of the great-
est poet of his age, for such he will al-
ways be considered by ASMODEUS.

VAUXHALL.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

MR. EDITOR,—Give me leave to address
to you a few words on the subject of
reform!—be not startled, I beseech you,
at the ominous sound, for I am not
about to give you a discussion on the
question of Parliamentary reform, but of
reform—in some of the entertainments at
Vauxhall. I would fain throw out a
few hints and suggestions to the mana-
gers of that place of amusement, mak-
ing no doubt but that, like all other
discreet persons, "they'll take sug-
gestion as a cat laps milk," especially
from one of that truly patriotic tribe
who most liberally communicate their
valuable hints for the benefit of
others, without the least hope of
either emolument or thanks. Vaux-
hall appears, I am sorry to say, to be
affecting a theatrical cast in its amuse-
ments, and thereby losing much of that
peculiar character which ought to
distinguish it from other places of public
resort. Should the present system be
continued much longer, these gardens
will become a very insipid and dull affair,
presenting very little difference from a
theatre, except that the performances
are here viewed with far less comfort and
convenience. The managers seem to
have utterly overlooked two important
points, viz. that the spectators them-
selves should be induced as much as
possible to contribute to their own
amusement, and be kept as little sta-
tionary as possible; and next that the
various amusements should be proceed-
ing simultaneously. Instead of this,
during the time of the ballet, the com-
pany are miserably squeezed together
in one corner of the garden, while all
the rest appears a mere melancholy de-
sert: it is true the illuminations still
remain, but the garden itself has a very
forlorn appearance. Every thing, on
the contrary, ought to be done to keep
the visitors in motion and scattered up
and down. For this purpose, the en-
tertainments should be altogether on a
different footing, and the gardens should
be made to resemble one great fair.
Without doing away altogether with the

LORD BYRON.

On Monday, the remains of Lord Byron were removed from the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull, in Great George Street, Westminster, for interment at the family vault at Hucknell, in Nottinghamshire. The body had been lying in state, as the undertaker called it, some days, but in what state our readers may judge, when they learn that it was placed in a small room, to which select people were admitted by about half a dozen at a time. The funeral was altogether quite unworthy the rank and talents of the illustrious deceased. Some thirty empty carriages followed the hearse, but few of these belonging to persons of any distinction; nor, with the exception of the three poets, Moore, Campbell, and Rogers, were the individuals who attended in person to pay the last tribute of respect to departed genius, any way remarkable.

We learn by an article in *The Star* newspaper (of this day, Friday), that Lord Byron's mortal disease had been brought on by his excessive sensibility and anxiety respecting the affairs of Greece. It appears that a plot had been detected among the Suliots, which had for its object to betray Messolonghi and another town to the Turks. Fortunately, it was discovered in time: the traitors were found to be principally in the Suliote corps, raised by Lord Byron, and the noble bard, whose last sighs were for Greece, became an object of suspicion among some of the Greeks—how unjustly, his generous disposition, his life, and his death sufficiently testify. It appears by the account of the dissection of Lord Byron's body in the *Tellegrafo Greco*, that his lordship was as remarkable for corporeal as for mental vigour.

The following account of the opening of Lord Byron's body, and the appearances it exhibited, is given by the professional gentleman to whom that office was entrusted:—

'1. The bones of the head were found to be excessively hard, and the skull was without the slightest sign of suture, like that of an octogenarian. It might have been said to consist of a single bone without depletes.

'2. The *dura meninge* was so firmly attached to the internal surface of the cranium, that it required the repeated exertions of two strong men to separate the outer bones from it. The vessels of this membrane were greatly distended and completely full, and it united to the *pia mater*, in different parts, by some membranous filaments.

'Between the *pia meninge* and the fur-

rows of the brain, a great many bubbles of air were found, with drops of lymph adhering in several places to the *pia meninge*.

'4. The grand *falc* of the brain was crossed with membranous filaments, which attached it firmly to both the hemispheres; it was likewise extremely full of blood.

'5. The cerebral medulla was full of minute blood-vessels of a bright red colour, and very much swollen. Under the *pons varolitis* at the base of the hemisphere, in the two superior or lateral ventricles, there was found an extravasation of about two ounces of bloody serum; and at the bottom of the *cerebellum* there was a similar expansion, the effects of a severe inflammation of the brain.

'6. The medullary substance was in much greater proportion than is common in the *cortex*, and was very firm and consistent. The *cerebrum* and *cerebellum*, without any of the integuments, weighed about six medical pounds.

'7. The impressions or furrows of the blood-vessels, in the internal part of the skull bones, though small, were much more numerous than usual.

'8. The lungs were very fine, perfectly sound but large, to a size almost gigantic.

'9. Between the *pericardium* and the heart there was an ounce of lymphatic water. The heart was more ample and voluminous than ordinary, but its muscular substance was very relaxed and fibreless.

'10. The liver was smaller than the natural size, as were likewise the biliary vessels, which, instead of bile, contained air. The intestines were distended with air, and of a deep yellow colour.

'11. The veins were very large and healthy, and the urinary vessels comparatively small.'

From this examination it was unanimously concluded by the medical gentlemen who attended it, that if Lord Byron, from the commencement of his illness, had consented to a little loss of blood, as his private physician repeatedly advised, or even if, at a more advanced stage of the disorder, he had yielded to the pressing solicitations of his medical advisers, to allow a copious bleeding, his lordship would not have fallen a victim to this attack. From the statements marked 1, 8, 9, it may be confidently asserted that his lordship could not have lived many years, from his extreme susceptibility of disease, either through the strength of his passions, his excessive occupations, or even through his utter disregard of all the necessary means to prevent the effects of constipation.

We understand that, as the remains of the illustrious bard proceed to their last home, the utmost interest is excited in the towns through which they pass.

present orchestra, groups of musicians and singers, in various fancy dresses, might be intermixed among the company. Let the ballet dancers, in like manner, be occasionally separated into one or two parties, parading the walks and at times stopping to amuse the spectators by a display of their agility, and inviting them to join them. Here there might be a troop of masqueraders; further on, a booth for confectionary, fruit, and refreshments, tastefully arranged and lighted up; there, again, a scarer, or conjuror; while in another place a kind of impromptu scene or dialogue—apparently quite accidental, might be acted by two performers. Thus, all the various entertainments might be made to form one extensive masquerade, in which there would be no lack of amusement, as the most arduous parts would be sustained by professional persons; and, no doubt, numerous amateurs would always be found to aid them, and to contribute to the general mirth. By this means the amusements would become more varied and less formal. A spectator could pass at pleasure from one object to another, without pause or interruption. At present, if we set aside the fire-works—which, by the bye, are truly admirable—there is little to commend in the manner in which the rest of the entertainments are conducted; for every one must feel that they are by no means so effective or so varied as they might easily be rendered. Our regular theatres have exhibited horses; why should they not be introduced here? A splendid tilting-match or a pony race would not be without attraction, if occasionally introduced. General effect and splendour ought, also, constantly to be kept in view; which is certainly not the case at present, for many of the panoramas and things of that nature are too trifling to deserve notice, even in a bill. The mention of such *entremets* and *hors d'œuvre* is almost as ridiculously ostentatious as if, on inviting you to dine off his mutton, a friend were to add that he would regale you also with vegetables, and bread, and salt, and all the other little *et-ceteras* of his dinner table. These poor little peep-shows ought to be left quietly to themselves.—Having thus slightly pointed out such improvements as I conceive might easily be made at Vauxhall, I leave it to the managers of that establishment to avail themselves of them; although I am so far from expecting their thanks that I rather suspect that I shall be censured by them as an officious and impertinent

BUSY BODY.

A NARRATIVE OF LIEUT. HOLMAN, THE
BLIND TRAVELLER'S, EXCURSION
FROM MOSCOW TO IRKUTSK.

By DR. LYALL.

LIEUTENANT HOLMAN, of the royal navy, and one of the knights of Windsor, a gentleman already well known to the public by his curious and interesting work, entitled *Travels through France, Italy, &c.*, arrived in London on the 1st inst. from Russia. This enterprising sightless traveller, like Ledyard and Cochrane, had determined not only to travel through Siberia and Kamtschatka, but to pass in a Russian vessel from Asia to the north-west coast of America, and from thence, doubling Cape Horn, or Batavia and the Cape of Good Hope, to reach Europe, and so complete the tour of the world. When at Moscow, I regarded Mr. Holman's plan of proceeding farther, either to the south or the east, as very romantic; but he always urged, that at every new spot, novel local information was to be gained, *even by the blind*, and that travelling was the most pleasant manner of passing away his time, totally shut out as he is from connection with the visible world. Finding all dissuasion of no avail against the irrevocable determination of Mr. H. to proceed on his journey, or as he used to say, '*find his way*,' I, like others of his friends, did every thing possible to assist him in his views and arrangements. Other two individuals besides myself saw him safely placed in his travelling equipage, and with a heavy heart I uttered the command, *pushóle* (go on), to his coachman. Mr. H. was immediately in motion for Siberia, accompanied only by a Tartar postilion, whom Captain Cochrane had brought from Kazan, and knowing nothing of the Russian language beyond the negative and the affirmative.

After a good deal of personal adventure, which, it is to be hoped Mr. H. will lay before the public, he reached Irkutsk, above 2,000 miles beyond Tobolsk, and 3,500 from Moscow, where he intended to pass the winter. He was delighted with the idea of completing his projected long journey round the globe, which imagination had run over a thousand times, and for which he was making all necessary arrangements. Here, however, his intentions were altogether baffled. A *feld jagtr*, or government courier, who had left St. Petersburg on the 4th of Dec. 1823, reached Irkutsk about the 29th of the same month, with secret despatches to the governor-general (Lavinskii.) This gentleman, who had previously treated Mr. H. with every possible kindness and distinction, and who was now made the reluctant organ of communicating the decision of the Russian cabinet, much to his credit, behaved with the greatest delicacy. He endeavoured by every possible means to persuade M. H. to return to Europe, all of which proved equally vain. He then pointed out the great solicitude of the Russian government for

his safety, and even alluded to the fears of the emperor, that some accident might befall him, '*a helpless blind traveller*;' but still without moving Mr. H. from his original and determined purpose of going to Nerchinsk, and afterwards along the Chinese frontier to Mamatcheen, so as to be present at the grand festival of the new year. At length General Lavinskii was necessitated to disclose the disagreeable secret. In the gentlest manner he made known the orders which he had received by the courier, who had been sent on purpose to conduct him beyond the borders of the Russian empire. This intelligence was a thunder-stroke to Mr. H. who could not then, more than he does now, comprehend the cause of such procedure towards him, especially as he never had the least connection with political party, or acted in any way to excite the smallest suspicion. But there was no utility in asking an explanation—no resisting the imperial mandate. The *feld-jager's* orders were to conduct Mr. H. from Irkutsk to Kazan, and from that town, by the governments of Simbirsk and Saratof, to Brodie, on the Austrian frontier. Having made arrangements with his banker at Moscow to suit his travelling to the east, he was not prepared with funds to meet the expenses of an un contemplated journey to the west, in consequence of which General Lavinskii gave him permission to go by way of Moscow. Mr. H. had naturally asked whether the government meant to pay his expenses. While he was answered in the negative, it was laconically added, '*You are not a prisoner, and are allowed to travel like a gentleman*.' This is quite *à la Russe*, and requires no comment. General Lavinskii kindly offered money sufficient to carry Mr. H. to Moscow, which he was reduced to the necessity of unwillingly accepting, and which he afterwards repaid with grateful feelings. When in this capital, he was not permitted to visit any of his friends, but they were allowed during three days to come and see him, always, however, in the presence of his guards, the *feld-jager*, or one of the assistants of the police not in uniform. In consequence of bad health, his stay was prolonged to five days at Moscow, at the expiration of which he received an order from the governor (not the worthy and humane Military Governor-General Prince Galitsin) to depart, *well or sick*, and it was cruelly hinted to him, that in case he did not then move off, *he would be carried beyond the precincts of the city*: otherwise Mr. H. was universally treated like a gentleman; and, wonderful to tell, his papers were not seized, but have all reached England. I should strongly suspect, however, that the Russians examined them, without his knowledge, taking advantage of his blindness, and using a false key to his portmanteau; but finding nothing in them of an improper nature, the officers of the crown acted in this apparently liberal manner. Mr. H. thinks this could not have happened, as his papers were al-

ways by his side, and the key always in his pocket. Although he has given many proofs of the astonishing improvement of the other senses and faculties which generally follow loss of sight, yet he may have been deceived. His memory is extremely retentive, and, therefore, important facts were not inserted in his journal, which, I doubt not, will contain a good deal of personal adventures in the frozen regions of Siberia. As Mr. H. possesses considerable scientific knowledge, some of the *lacunæ* of Capt. Cochrane's lately published and amusing volume may be filled up.

Although Mr. H.'s departure gave me deep concern, yet I never doubted of the success of his plans; and though (like Captain Cochrane) I considered the accomplishment of his design of penetrating through Siberia as an extraordinary achievement, I was persuaded he would complete all he undertook. His friends at Moscow had thought it preposterous in him to go to Siberia, and therefore, to prevent '*chutting, laughing, and ridicule*,' he kept his purpose of visiting America to himself. From Irkutsk, application was made by Mr. H. (according to the laws of Russia, before a stranger can quit the empire) for permission and a passport to leave Siberia. The answer was the order of the *feld-jager*. This is to be regretted, because his determined enterprising spirit—his total disregard of apprehended additional dangers, in consequence of his want of sight, but which he finds greatly compensated by the improvement of his other senses, and some of his mental faculties—his pleasing physiognomy—the suavity of his manners—his state of stone blindness, which would excite the compassion of even the most savage breast—all conspired to the success of his plans. But the Russian government completely blasted them. He made his way to Moscow, and from thence to Cracow, where he was detained three weeks, in consequence of his not having been furnished with a proper passport by the Russian government. He then visited Vienna, Prague, Carlsbad, Dresden, Leipsig fair, Berlin, Hanover, Bremen, and Hamburg. By sea he reached Hull, and finally got to London.

NARRATIVE OF A VISIT TO PITCAIRN'S
ISLAND IN THE YEAR 1821.

(Concluded from p. 427.)

'In their conversation they were always anxious for information on the Scriptures, and expressed their sorrow that they did not understand all they read. 'John Adams,' they observed, 'wants us to learn the catechism; but we say No, we learn so much we no understand, we no learn all; and same with our prayers.' They then asked if that was not right? I told them they should learn the catechism, at which they seemed astonished, saying, 'What for we learn and no understand?' I answered, that by and bye they would un-

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stand; but that, respecting their pray- it was very proper and very necessary they should understand what they were saying. One of them, in talking with the doctor, showed such a knowledge of the scriptures as is worthy of remark, particularly as it evinced their simplicity and harmlessness; the subject was quarrelling, on which he said 'Suppose one man strike me, I no strike again, for the book says, suppose one strike you on one side, turn the other to him; suppose he bad man strike me, I no strike him, because no good that; suppose he kill me, he can't kill the soul—He no can grasp that, that go to God, much better place than here.' At another time, pointing to all the scene around him, and to the Heavens, he said, 'God make all these, sun, moon, and stars; and,' he added, with surprise, 'the book say some people live who not know who made these, and say, who made these?' This appeared to him a great sin. They all of them frequently said, 'if they no pray to God they grow wicked, and when God have nothing to do with the wicked, you know.'—This may perhaps be sufficient to show the religious feelings and habits of these people, though such instances as are above related we frequently witnessed. Nothing gave them more satisfaction than hearing us read to them, and our explaining what we read. At dawn of day I was awakened by their singing, not only in the house where we slept, but in all the others; they were at their devotions; and, having sung the psalm, one of them prayed aloud, returning thanks for the blessings of the night; and they then said a prayer to themselves, and finished with a hymn. Their worship being finished, they divided themselves into parties for the purpose of procuring us refreshments. Some went for yams, others for plantains and bananas, and others for cocoa-nuts. We shortly after got up, but, every one being at his part of the labour, there was no one to be seen but three or four women and the children, the women busily preparing breakfast. At eight the men returned, but I was surprised to see them without any produce; but, upon inquiring, was agreeably surprised to find that they had taken a great quantity down to the beach, and more in the path from the houses to the boat. For breakfast we had fowls, fruit, and the cocoa-nut beverage before-mentioned; and also yam-soup, a very nutritious diet. Breakfast being ended, we all set off to the landing-place, taking what vegetables were at the houses and a few fowls. As we journeyed, I was really astonished at the quantity of bundles of plantains in one place, cocoa-nuts in another, and yams in another, which we every now and then met with, and which were taken up as they appeared; but on no account would they allow any of us to carry any thing. On reaching the boat, we found the surf so great that it was not prudent to allow the cutter to come in; but they offered to lead her by

their canoes. This I thought was impossible; but they instantly loaded one of them, and carried her into the mid-channel before described, when one of them got in, and on the signal being given by those on the rocks, off he went, but did not succeed in getting out; for directly in the channel a surf caught him, and upset the canoe right upon one of the rocks. At this I was greatly alarmed, for I thought both he and the canoe would be dashed to pieces; but, in a moment my alarm was changed into wonder and mirth, for it appeared nothing but amusement to them.—The canoe was soon righted and sent on shore, and his companions swam off, each taking to the boat part of the cargo that had been upset, so that nothing was lost. The women were also very active in the loading of the canoes and getting them off; and then amused themselves with *sliding*, as they term it; one of the strangest, yet most pleasing, performances I ever saw. They have a piece of wood, somewhat resembling a butcher's tray, but round at one end and square at the other, and having on the bottom a small keel; with this they swim off to the rocks at the entrance, getting on which, they wait for a heavy surf, and, just as it breaks, jump off with the piece of wood under them, and thus, with their heads before the surf, they rush in with amazing rapidity, to the very head of the bay; and, although amongst rocks, &c. escape all injury. They steer themselves with their feet, which they move very quickly. I was so diverted with this performance, that I asked some of the men to do it, which they frequently did, and with such dexterity as surpasses description. Indeed, so easy were their actions in the water, that we could scarcely help thinking them amphibious.

I sent Mr. Powers, the second officer, on board, with orders for Mr. Hall, the chief officer, to bring on shore such things as they seemed most to want, viz. canvas, two or three muskets, knives, powder, and wearing apparel, and a variety of other articles, trifling to us but useful to them. This being all arranged, we were again preparing to ascend the heights, when they said, 'Stop a bit—time to say now;' and then they formed a ring, and sung and prayed. This ceremony being finished, some went up with me, and the rest divided, to procure more provisions for us. Of the rich scenery of this island I can only say, that I regret I am not adequate to the task of describing its beauties in a proper manner.

Having brought on shore some potatoes, wheat, Indian corn, peach-stones, walnuts, and almonds, I was anxious to have them set and sown. The potatoes and the Indian corn I set myself on one side of Young's house; and some of my people put all the other into the ground. I also gave to Adams a bunch of grapes, which we had preserved for the seed, and begged of him to use his utmost to produce their growth.

The boat being despatched, we returned to the village, where, whilst dinner was being prepared, I was much amused with their conversation, and had an opportunity of seeing their manner of making cloth, and a variety of other things.—Soon after dinner, Mr. Hall arrived with the presents, with which they were all much pleased.—They were exceedingly pressing on us to remain all night, but that I did not think prudent, though my will was great; and at four, having determined on going on board, we prepared for going down to the boat; and here a scene took place which brought tears into my eyes. One of them wished very much to go with us, and, thinking I would take him, asked his mother's leave, taking hold of her hand and mine. At this the mother, an elderly, fine, motherly-looking woman, stood speechless for some time, first looking at her son and then at me, till at length the tears began to trickle down her venerable cheeks, and prevented her utterance. I could no longer stand it; and so told her not to mind, for I would not take him, and bid him to remain on the island to take care of so good a mother. I then went to his wife, who was also in great grief, and told her not to fear; that he was only jesting to try her affection. This gave great satisfaction to all around, for the scene had cast a gloom over all our countenances. Being now all assembled, I took my party on one side, and drank health, &c. to them all with three times three. At this they were highly amused; and I was astonished to see how well they imitated us in returning the compliment. I now took leave of old Adams, promised to do what I could to get a person sent out, and expressed myself highly gratified at what I had observed on the island; he appeared much affected, and said, 'Only speak as you find.'—We were followed to the boat by nearly all the inhabitants, with whom we took an affectionate parting. The young women, generally speaking, are all handsome fine figures, with beautiful teeth and fine hair; and being in a state of native simplicity, combined with apparent innocence, they have an effect upon the mind which is not easy to describe. Farewell, ye truly happy creatures! May God continue to preserve you in health, and increase in you the love of those social virtues with which you are now so much distinguished!

As we left them, they constantly kept saying, 'God bless you all, and all of us! We never forget you, and you never forget us. God send you safe home!' After we had got through the surf, we waved our hats to them, which they returned by waving their hands, &c.

There is one remark I cannot omit respecting the eagerness the women manifested to see an Englishwoman. I told them Capt. Henderson, of the *Hercules*, would call there, and that he was married and had children. At this their joy was truly excessive, and, though only two heard me relate the fact, it was soon

spread amongst them all. Some said, 'Oh! I so like to see an Englishwoman! Suppose I see an Englishwoman, I kiss her, suppose I die directly after.' Two canoes accompanied us off, to take on shore some of their people who were on board. Adams's son, who was on board the greater part of the day, is a very fine young man, about 18, the most regular-featured of any of them; and we thought he seemed to keep himself above the rest.

At eight, p. m. Friday, 13th, we lowered their canoes down, and once more wished them farewell; and then made sail, though there was very little wind. We all began now to feel the effects of parting with these islanders; in fact, one could scarce help thinking it all a dream, or that we had just left some fairy land; and so evident were our feelings, that each countenance was a true index of what was agitating the mind.

In the morning we found ourselves close to the island, with very little wind. We saw a canoe, with a little sail up, standing inshore; as she was near us, and at least ten miles from shore, I hove-to for them, which they perceiving took in their sail, and paddled to us with great rapidity, and we were soon boarded by Arthur Quintral and George Young, who told us, that as soon as day-light came, they started in hopes of again seeing us, for our going away 'make them all very sorry.' I was glad they had come, for I had omitted to leave any letter to the next visitors, which I now did. We contrived then to make them a present of a tin box, full of wearing apparel, and various useful articles, among which were some spelling-books and a dictionary, for which they were very thankful. I also gave them a ram; Capt. Henderson had given one before, and two ewes, but the ram had unfortunately died. On asking them if iron would be useful, they said, 'No: we no want iron; when we want, we get it from old Bounty; we watch low water, then dive down, and with hammer and wedge we drive it out, and then bring it up.'—At noon, they again left us, much affected. At three, p. m. we saw another canoe at some distance, pulling with all their strength, and in about ten minutes we took on board two of the Youngs. We learnt from them that they had, in the morning, drawn lots for the different articles we had given them; for, although many things were given to individuals, yet it is a custom amongst them that whatever is got from a ship shall be divided fairly; thus they parcel the things out, and then draw lots for the choice.—To these I also gave several useful things, amongst which were a musket, and a goose, and a gander. We likewise left amongst them a flute, and an instruction book, which we explained to them, and which were received with great pleasure. At four p. m. they left us with feelings of gratitude and regret.

Of the vegetable productions of this island, not being a botanist, I cannot give

a proper description, but will state what we found on it.—These were cocoa-nut; plantain; a tree on which grows an oily nut, whose kernel, stuck on a wooden skewer, they use for candles; yams; bread fruit tree; a tree resembling much our elm, the bark of which they beat into cloth; sugar-cane; ginger; tobacco; with a variety of creeping plants, flowering shrubs, grasses, &c. They have a large tree which serves for the timber from which they make their canoes; but of hard wood they are very much in want, and were thankful for some beet wood of New South Wales, which we gave them for beating their bark into cloth. The only ships that have ever touched at this island, are as follows:—The first, the Topaz, Captain Folger, an American; this was at least the first vessel with which they had communication, for Adams told me that some years before this they saw two vessels; one passed the island, the other landed, and procured some wood and water, but had no communication with them. He added, that they waited about two hours after their boat had returned, but did not send on shore again, though they knew there were inhabitants. It strikes me forcibly that this must have been the vessel (I believe the Pandora) that was sent in search of the mutineers, as it is said she did touch at an island, which the commander thought was Pitcairn's.—It was in 1808 that the Topaz touched here; the next was the Briton, English frigate, commanded by Sir Thomas Staines, in September, 1814; and since then, the Sultan, Captain Reynolds, an American whaler; the Hercules, Captain Henderson, a country-ship from Valparaiso, on her return to India; the Elizabeth, Captain King, English South Seaman; the Stanton, Captain Birch, an American whaler; the Elizabeth, Captain Douglas; and lastly, ourselves, the Surry,—making in all seven, counting the Elizabeth's second visit.

Saturday, 14th.—The wind being from N. W. steering in a parallel of the latitude of Pitcairn's Island, and consequently keeping a good look-out for the island, laid down as discovered by Carteret, viz. latitude 25 5 S. and longitude 133 5 W. which I can now determine to be incorrect, as this day at noon we are in latitude 24 48, and longitude 132 58' W. about eighteen miles from the situation described by Carteret. From this, together with his description of Pitcairn's Islands, I conclude the island we left yesterday to be the one he discovered.

Original Poetry.

SONNET.

TO ———.

THINKEST thou, lady mine, in this retreat,
Where learning binds me to her Grecian
page,
And where the sylvan muse might find a seat
In its wild solitude, as fair and sweet

As ever charm'd the poet or the sage,
That for aught, save thyself, this heart doth
beat?

Thinkest thou 'heaven's blue arch,' or all bright
things

That shine in sunny skies—woodbine and
rose

And trickling brook, or the grave's carolings,
Love's native music, or the deep repose

Of cell monastic, with huge volumes crown'd—
Have power to win me from the tender woes

That haunt the absent? No! in all around,
Thy loveliness, thy worth, and my own grief
found.

TO THE LAURISTINUS.

WRITTEN IN WINTER.

HAIL! to thee, ever blushing lauristine,
That from the heavy snow-flakes still art
peering;

With verdant leaves, that like the holly shine,
But thine are thornless, gentle, and endear-
ing;

And thy white blossoms wreath stern winter's
brow,

Like glittering stars that in the dark skies glow.

The rose and myrtle are Love's darling flowers,
And well their charms become his transient
smiling;

Shedding soft perfume o'er his painted bowers,
And every sense enchanting and beguiling,
Till some light storm of adverse fortune sweeps
The glittering beauties to the o'erwhelming
deep.

But thou art Friendship's flower: thy steady
form

Portrays the purer smile of faithful duty;
Scared by no tempest, withered by no storm,
The day of clouds is cheered by thy mild
beauty;

Thou bloomest amid the wintry waste of life,
Like to a guardian friend, or meek and constant
wife. B. H.

The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

IF great lessees and conceited managers will keep the winter theatres open in the dog days, they must expect thin houses, and such indeed they have.—Even Catalani, all attractive as she is, has been singing to slender audiences at Drury Lane Theatre. On Wednesday night, at eight o'clock, there were not eighty persons in the pit, and neither boxes nor gallery were at all calculated to redeem the poverty of the house. Never did this admired vocalist raise her voice to such empty benches before.

At Covent Garden, there is nothing worth noticing, except that Miss Beaumont, who is a very charming actress, has taken her leave of the stage, preparatory to her paying the debt of Hymen to whom it is owing (Owen). This is a sad pun, but Mr. Owen, of the East India House, the destined husband of Miss B. is good-natured enough to bear it.

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Abbott, a very respectable actor at this house, has taken the Dublin Theatre for seven years. We wish him success.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—An abundant supply of orders, distributed with some degree of discrimination, keeps up an appearance of tolerable audiences at this house, but the receipts in the treasury are of course not correspondent. Indeed, with the exception of three or four favourites, the *corps dramatique* is but very inferior, and there has been no novelty worth seeing twice. Puffing and quackery, however, are supposed, by theatrical proprietors, to be the best bait, though, we confess, they have not been very successful with the once-favourite 'little theatre in the Haymarket.'

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—To the very excellent company which mustered at this theatre at the opening, Braham has now been added, and appeared on Monday as Henry Bertram, in *Guy Mannering*, which was altogether very strongly cast. Of Braham, it is not necessary to speak: his matured judgment enables him to suit his voice to the place in which he has to display his powers, whether it be in a private room or at the King's Theatre. He introduced some of his best songs with the happiest success. The Lucy Bertram of the evening was a Miss Noel, a young lady who has come from Bath, with a higher reputation for her vocal talents than her debut will justify us in confirming. Her best effort was in the song of Rest thee, Babe, which was encored. Miss Povey both played and sang the part of Julia Mannering charmingly; but, perhaps, one of the greatest attractions of the evening was the appearance of the original Meg Merrilies, Mrs. Egerton, who has certainly never been equalled in the character. Rayner's Dandie Dinmont is confessedly the best on the stage, and Tayleure, though somewhat too gigantic, makes a very good Dominie Sampson.

On Tuesday, the opera of the *Devil's Bridge* was performed; Braham, of course, in Count Bellino, which he sung with his usual spirit. In the songs of Is there a Heart that never loved, and Fancy's Sketch, he was rapturously encored. Miss Noel also made her second appearance, and, in the character of the Countess Rosalvina, elicited much applause. Miss Kelly, in Lauretta, raised a character in itself trifling, to be one of intense interest, and Miss Povey was sweet as ever in Claudine.

On Wednesday, for the vocalists here

are not doled out singly, the operatic strength of the house was enlisted in the comic opera of *Love in a Village*. Braham appeared as Hawthorn; Phillips as Young Meadows; Broadhurst as Eustace; Miss Harvey as Rosetta; Miss Povey as Lucinda; Bartley as Justice Woodcock; Rayner as Hodge; and Miss Kelly as Madge. It is difficult to conceive a piece stronger cast, and we were sorry that unavoidable absence from the theatre prevents us from noticing the performance, as we would wish to do, though we doubt not of many opportunities of seeing it repeated. If we may judge by the unanimous testimony of the diurnal press, the opera furnished a rich treat to the lovers of English music; and Miss Harvey more than confirmed the good opinion formed of her talents from her first efforts.

BENEFITS.—Mr. Elliston, with his usual liberality to the unfortunate of his profession, gave a benefit, on Monday last, to the widow and children of poor Oxberry; but, we regret to say, it was but thinly attended. It was the means of introducing Sherwin in a new character, that of Giles, in the *Miller's Maid*, and he played it in a manner which shows that he is capable of enacting much higher characters than have usually been assigned to him.

MISS L. PATON.—On Thursday, Miss L. Paton, sister of the admired vocalist, made her debut at Drury Lane Theatre, in the character of Letitia Hardy, and gave promise of being a clever and sprightly actress. We shall say more of her hereafter.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—A juvenile fete, on a vast scale, got up with good taste and great liberality, was given at these gardens on Saturday, the 10th inst., and the youthful throng attended in sufficient numbers to reimburse the proprietors even at the reduced price at which they were admitted.

Literature and Science.

Students at Bonn.—At Bonn, during the year 1823, the number of students at the university rose to 523, of whom 106 attended the courses of Catholic theology, and 42 the Protestant. The law students were 120, in medicine 119, and in philosophy 89.

Gasometers.—The French Academy, in the sitting of Feb. 2, 1824, adopted the report made by its commissaries, on the subject of gasometers:—'1. That the subterranean works, subject to the conditions laid down, cannot be productive of danger to the adjacent buildings, nor

should they give rise to apprehensions of explosion or conflagration in the places where gas is fabricated. And 2. That the whole of the process, adopting the precautions mentioned in the report, no inconvenience or symptom of insalubrity would be excited; but great and immense advantages must ensue.'

The present pope, who appears to be as great a bigot as any that ever filled the chair of St. Peter, has issued an anathema against Bible Societies and the circulation of the Bible, which he conceives to be the greatest of crimes. It is difficult to decide whether the folly or the illiberality of the poor maniac is most to be pitied.—The opponents of Catholic emancipation, however, may thank him for rendering their duties a sinecure for some time.

The Emperor of Russia has published an ukase, declaring that 'No public functionary in the Russian service shall, without special permission of his superior, compose writings in any language whatever, which, though dispensed from the censorship, treat of the domestic or foreign affairs of the empire.'

The distillation of palatable and fresh water at the sea has been effected by P. Nicole, of Dieppe, by simply causing the steam arising from boiling sea-water in a still to pass through a stratum of coarsely powdered charcoal, in its way to the condenser or worm-tub.

A mechanic at Namur has lately invented a pen-maker, by which means it is possible to make 120 pens in a minute.

Mr. Bowdler, the compiler of the Family Shakespeare, has weeded Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* of its objectionable passages, for the use of young persons.

Evans lately sold, in the library of Don Josef Antonio Conde, a copy of Columbus's Letter to the King of Spain, on the Discovery of America. It consisted of only three leaves, and brought 34 guineas.

The library of the late Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart., which has lately been brought to the hammer by Mr. Evans, produced nearly £19,000.

The Vice-Chancellor has granted an injunction to restrain the publication of the late Lord Byron's private correspondence.

Sunday last the five new saloons on the ground-floor of the Louvre were opened to the public. They are destined to the reception of the chefs-d'œuvre of modern sculpture. Among the most beautiful are two groups of Cupid and Psyche, by Canova; two figures of Michael Angelo, and a Cupid making his bow, by Girardon, are finished in his best style; a Milon de Crotona, the chief-d'œuvre of Pujet, which formerly ornamented the gardens of Versailles; a Diana de Poitiers, by Jean Goujon; the three Cardinal Virtues, by Jean Pilon; and a Homer, by de Rolland. The collection at present is not very numerous, but it will be daily increased.

Antiquities.—Among other discoveries of a very recent description, which present the beautiful forms of antiquity in their brilliant and vivid varieties, the anti-

quarian enjoys the pleasure of contemplating the first milliary column placed in the centre of the Roman empire, long sought for, and now only brought to light. This was found in the excavations for exploring the site of the ancient forum, conducted by the Abbé C. Fea. The abbé holds out hopes of entirely clearing the forum. Should this be accomplished, the learned will hail the discoverer as with a kind of apotheosis; and fame will doubtless adorn his head with a garland of glory.

Speedily will be published, Rothelan, a tale of the English histories, in 3 vols. 12mo. by the author of Ringan Gilhaize, The Spaewife, &c. &c.

Nearly ready, in one volume post 8vo. a Practical Guide to English Composition; or, a comprehensive System of English Grammar, Criticism, and Logic; adapted to the use of schools and of private students. By the Rev. Peter Smith, A. M.

In a few weeks will be published, 8vo. Mathematical Tables, containing improved tables of logarithms of numbers. By William Galbraith, A. M. lecturer on mathematics, Edinburgh.

A stereotype edition of Sallust, for the use of schools, with English notes at the foot of the page, and a historical and geographical index at the end of the volume, by Mr. Dymock, Glasgow, will be published soon.

Preparing for publication, a Guide to the Lord's Table, in the catechetical form. By the Rev. Henry Belfrage, D. D.

Nearly ready, in post 8vo. a Second Series of the Scrap Book. By John M'Diarmid.

Shortly will be published, in post 8vo. a third edition of The Life and Administration of Cardinal Wolsey. By John Galt, Esq.

Mr. John Malcolm, late of the 42d regiment, has nearly ready for publication, a volume of poems, in foolscap 8vo. entitled, The Buccaneer and other Poems.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
July 9	66	75	66	29 95	Fair.
.... 10	60	72	62	30 00	Do.
.... 11	60	73	62	.. 12	Do.
.... 12	60	76	69	.. 12	Do.
.... 13	69	78	72	.. 13	Do.
.... 14	72	77	60	.. 01	Cloudy.*
.... 15	60	72	62	29 15	Fair.

* Thunder and rain in the evening.

The Bee:

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

A gentleman observing, in the company of Jack Bannister, that he wondered a certain vocalist did not get a new set of teeth, Jack said he wondered too, for it would be the only way to give him a fine *fulsetto* (false set O, indeed)!

Howel Dha, prince of Wales, who died in the year 948, was their lawgiver. One of his laws is,—‘If any one kill or steal the cat that guards the prince's granary, he forfeits a milch ewe with her lamb; or as much wheat as will cover the cat, when suspended by the tail, the head touching the ground.’

The Dumfries Courier of Tuesday, after devoting a column and a half to an account of Viscount Kenmure's return after being restored to the title, concludes with the following puff direct:—‘We regret the absence of our *valuable* editor, as we are certain he would have done much more justice to the enthusiasm of the day.’ How modest!

Newspaper Novelties.—A morning paper of Thursday says, ‘On Tuesday last, about twelve o'clock at noon, a man, speaking the Spanish language, was found at Bayswater, suspended by a cord from a tree.’ He was cut down and saved, and no wonder, if, while hanging he could speak the Spanish or any other language.

A curious occurrence took place at Plymouth during the royal visit to the dockyard in the year 1787. At this time, the great North Dock was constructing by Mr. Parlby, the architect, by whom the docks and public buildings at that place and at Portsmouth were erected, under the direction of the Navy Board. The good old King (George the Third), always interested and inquisitive in the affairs of his navy, discovered, by the plans laid before him, that the builder was exceeding the dimensions given him, and inquired the reason of this deviation from his instructions. Mr. Parlby informed his majesty, that the French were then building, at Toulon, a first-rate ship so large that none of his majesty's docks were capable of admitting her. He, therefore, considered it necessary to enlarge this one a little, that the Commerce de Marseilles might have one dock in England fit to receive her. This so pleased his majesty, that he immediately called the Queen to let her know what Mr. Parlby had told him, and both were highly delighted. It will be scarcely less gratifying to the English reader, than it was to Mr. Parlby, to learn that the first ship ever taken into that dock was this very Commerce de Marseilles, becoming ours at the surrender of Toulon, in 1794.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

‘PAINTERS and Widows,’ ‘My Article,’ and ‘Saint Martin's Bells,’ in our next.

Oude will find a letter for him at our office on Monday.

An ‘Artisan’ is assured that we will not lose sight of the Mechanics' Institution, and if the managers do not bestir themselves, they shall often hear from us. We have heard of an act of precipitation as culpable as their previous inactivity; and that, after doing nothing for nine months, they are about to plunge the society into a bargain, without affording due means for deliberation. We trust this is not the case. We repeat that there is nothing but

the good feeling of the mechanics towards the institution, that gives the slightest hope of its prosperity. Such men should not be trifled with.

Works published since our last notice.—Hogg's Tour on the Continent, 8vo. 8s. Beauties of Dulwich Gallery, 12mo. 3s. Bland's Hydrostatics, 12s. The Clerical Portrait, 8vo. 7s. Dr. Clarke's Travels, vols. 9, 10, and 11, 8vo. 2l. 8s. Tales from Afar, 4s. 6d. Letters in Rhyme, from a Mother Abroad, 2s. Walton's Lives of Donne, &c. 6s. Herculaneum, vol. 1, royal 8vo. 12s. 6d. Italy and the Italians, by Vieusseux, 2 vols. 16s. Cochrane's Journey, 2nd edit. 2 vols. 12s. Capt. Hall's South America, 3rd edit. 16s.

DULWICH GALLERY.

This day was published, in 12mo. price 3s. boards, BEAUTIES of the DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY.

Printed for G and W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane.

This day is published, price 4s.

THE CZAR, an Historical Tragedy.

By JOSEPH CRADOCK, Esq. M.A. F.S.A. This Tragedy forms the commencement of a Publication that may extend to four octavo volumes. All Original Papers and Letters are consigned to Executors, as the Author is at an advanced age, and it is his chief wish that nothing unauthenticated may be given to the Public after his decease.

Printed for the Author, by John Nichols and Son, 25, Parliament Street; and sold by Payne and Foss, Pall Mall; T. Cadell, Strand; Ridgway and Son, Piccadilly; Budd and Calkin, Pall Mall; and all other Booksellers.

NEW WORKS

Just published, by R. ACKERMANN, London, THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS: being a Description of the Manners, Customs, &c. of their Inhabitants; and containing, among the rest, an Interesting Account of the Sandwich Islanders. 2 vols. with 26 col. Engravings, price 12s.

LETTERS between AMELIA in LONDON and her MOTHER in the COUNTRY, written by the late William Combe, Esq. embellished with a Frontispiece, and printed uniformly with the Miniature Tours of Dr. Syntax, by the same Author, one volume, price 5s.

SPANISH PUBLICATIONS.

No. IV. VARIEDADES O MENSAJERO DELONDRES, Periodico Trimestre. This magazine appears regularly on the 1st of January, April, July, and October. Each quarterly Number contains 11 col. engravings and one Portrait of eminent Characters. Royal 8vo. pr. 10s. 6d.

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A PARISIAN LADY, of superior Education, who has been long accustomed to tuition and the management of young people, wishes for a situation as Governess, in a Nobleman or Gentleman's Family, in or near London. Perfect mistress of her own language, she speaks it with the purest accent, and her knowledge of English is such as to enable her to put both languages on a parallel, and to define them logically and grammatically. She also undertakes to teach Geography, History, Arithmetic, and all sorts of fancy and ornamental Needle-work, such as Embroidery in Gold, Silk, Chenille, &c. Tambour-work and Tapestry, Berlin and Bead Netting, &c. &c.—The most extraordinary references can be given, and further particulars may be known by letters addressed (post paid) to A. B. care of Mr. Davidson, 2, Surrey Street, Strand.

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